EMPEHI

1923

UPS Fribourg

The Empehi

Volume 6 June, 1923 Number 7

This book has been compiled for the purpose of furnishing an adequate record of Morgan Park's growth and activities during the past year.

-The Editor

Published by the Students of the
Morgan Park High School
Chicago, Illinois

To our teachers, who have loved us and scolded us, have laughed with us and lectured us; who have taught us not only book-lore but lessons of sympathy, camaraderie, and good sportsmanship, and who will ever be an inspiring memory to us, this Annual is gratefully dedicated.

The Faculty

MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

William Schoch,	Principal
J. Clifford Thompson	Assistant Principal, Director of Music
Cora E. Petty	Dean of Girls, Latin
Harriet L. Arthur	Latin
Lucy E. Babcock	Zoology
Margaret Brown	Spanish
William B. Calkins	Commercial
Lillian Condit	English
Charles R. Davenport	Athletic Coach
E. Ellen Fuhrman	English, German
Jennie M. Gahl	Physical Director
Lewis L. Hall	Chemistry, Physics
Ira C. Hamilton	History
Mary E. Hays	Household Arts
Annas Higgins	Mathematics
Edna B. Hotchkiss	Art
Elliodor Libonati	French
George G. Lorentz	Physical Director, R. O. T. C.
Eugene M. Mackin	Social Science
Mary Malone	English
Bertha A. Miller	History
Jennie Milton	Mathematics
Genevieve Monsch	Botany
Ida M. Nicely	English
Lawrence E. Olson	Mech. Drawing
Irene M. Peterson	English
Ruth M. Smart	Latin
Mary Thompson	Mathematics
Ada Van Steenberg	Household Science

"AMY" HOFFMAN,
Ery" LANGE. +DI

SENIORS

RUTH ROBERTS

President. Member of G. R. 2, 3, 4; S. A. music editor on "Empehi" staff 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; interclass basket ball 2, 4; "Molly" in "Sylvia," "Pirates of Penzance" "Dudley" in "San Toy."

You rarely find a comedienne who, like our Ruth, can be uproariously funny and adorably pretty at the same time. We shall probably remember Ruth more often as she looked the night of the opera in that hat and those red stockings, than as she looked conducting a class meeting and remonstrating with an apathetic class, "There must be some discussion! Surely you don't all want yellow daisies. . . ."

STUART SINCLAIR—"Stu"

Vice President. Member of Emblem Club; S. A.; Glee Club; football 3, 4; interclass basketball 2, 3; interclass track 2, 3; interclass baseball 2; "Bill Potter" in Good English Play; "Pirates of Penzance"; "Li" in "San Toy."

In the vote taken by the Student Association, Stu was elected the most popular boy in the school. What would 'San Toy" have been without Stu's wonderful personality? In our opinion he completely eclipsed Fred Stone, De Wolf Hopper, and any other similar lights of past and present prominence.

Andover or U. of Michigan

MIRIAM BROUGH

Secretary 3, 4; G. R. 1, 2, 3, 4; editor "Once Over" 2; Secretary S. A.; chairman class night committee; class poem committee; ballet in "Pinafore"; "Emperor's Own" in "San Toy."

Miriam is one of the most popular girls in the class. She has tact, discernment, and a delightfully original brand of humor. She is one of the few people who can participate freely in school activities and still be a brilliant and reliable student.

Denison

GILBERT HOHMAN—"Gil"

Treasurer; Football 2, 3, 4; class basketball 2, 3; class track 1; baseball 3, 4, team manager 3; chairman athletics 3, 4; class baseball 3, 4; first lieutenant R. O. T. C.; Emblem Club; S. A.; Glee Club 3, 4; class night committee; Christmas Pageant; "San Toy."

Here we have the Sheik of Mount Greenwood, whose personality has endeared him to us so much that we rewarded him with the enviable position of class treasurer and its privilege of extorting by force or strategy what funds he can from these phenomenally impecunious seniors. That's all right Gil, we did it because we like to see you in action.

Illinois

SUE MECHTERSHEIMER

Treasurer Girl Reserve 4, member 1, 2, 3; editor Girls' Athletic on "Empehi" staff 3, 4; "Annual" Staff 3, 4; S. A.; captain class basket ball team 2, 3, 4; captain school basketball team 2, 3, 4; charge of ticket sales 3, 4.

We really didn't need that Student Association poll to find out that Sue was the most popular girl in the school, because we knew that long ago. It is fortunate that Sue is not delicate, for if she were, she would never stand up under the daily round of salutations she makes or the confidences she listens to. Sue knows and likes everybody, which is the reason for her popularity.

American College of Physical Education

HAROLD BURNS

Secretary-Treasurer of Emblem Club; S. A.; class tracks 2, 3, 4; school track 2; class baseball 3 (manager); captain baseball team 4; baseball 2.

Harold is that type of boy whom few girls get to know very well, but all boys know and like immensely. We think it is really too bad that more of us could not have enjoyed his quiet humor, or become inspired by his wonderful school spirit.

LOUISE CREW

Member of Student Association; Glee Club 4; solo dancer in "San Toy."

Two years ago Louise came to us from Hyde Park. We soon discovered that she is a delightfully charming girl, frank and unassuming, and that she dances like a fairy. Her assistance in our musical productions of the past two years has been invaluable.

ROBERT BLEW—"Bob"—"Red"

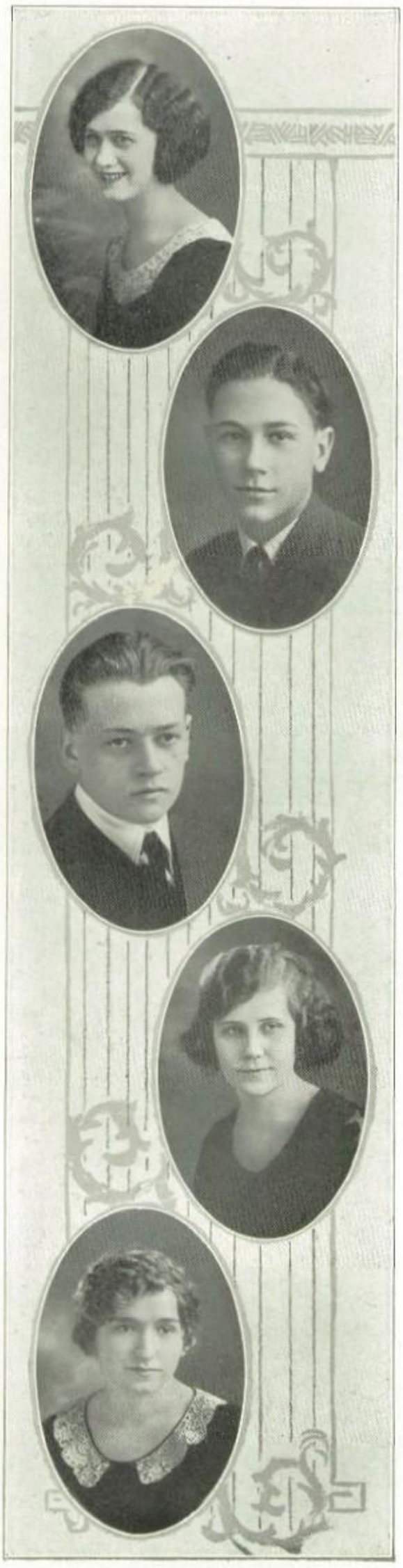
Debating Club 4; Student Association.

Bob has endeared himself to us by his misdeeds, which alone would fill this book, though none of them were malicious and all of them were funny. Whenever there was a window to be broken or an ink bottle upset, the Fates singled out Red and made him perpetrator of the deed. How on earth would a senior class survive without a boy like Red?

RUTH CRAPSER

Girl Reserves 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Association; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; "Pinafore"; "Dolly" in "Sylvia"; "Pirates of Penzance"; "Poppy" in "San Toy."

Ruth is popular because she is pretty, straight-forward, sincere and amusing. With her exceptional voice she has come to be such a firmly-established factor in our musical productions, that we wonder how her absence next year will be remedied. We are glad to know she is continuing her music study.



IONE COLE

Member Student Association; Glee Club 1, 4; "San Toy."

Ione left us for a while and then came back again, and we are very glad she came back. Ione has a very sweet voice, a pretty face, charming manners, and some day is going to paint a famous picture.

Academy of Fine Arts

PAUL CLISSOLD—"Cliss"

President of Hi-Y 4; member 3; Emblem Club 4; S. A.; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; football 2, 3; basketball 3, 4; interclass basketall 2, 3, 4; interclass baseball 4; Christmas Pageant; "Sylvia", "Samuel" in "Pirates of Penzance", "Sing Hi" in "San Toy."

Paul seems to be one of these handsome, debonair young gentlemen, as happy and as carefree as the winds that blow. He may be an opera star some day. Who knows? He has the voice.

Denison

DILWYN A. TIBBITS

Here is a boy who watches life with an eager, amused interest. He is of a quiet, thoughtful nature, but by no means dull, and we particularly like him because he laughs at all our jokes, which you will admit, often requires true benevolence.

MARION MORRISON

Girl Reserves 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Association; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; "Sylvia," "Pirates of Penzance," "San Toy"; "Clotho" in prophecy playlet.

Marion is a girl you can't help liking. She can always be depended upon to join you in a good time, or to offer sound practical advice, when it is requested. She is brim full of school-spirit, has a comprehensive sense of humor, and was elected by a large majority the possessor of the best disposition of the girls of the class.

Rockford

CHARLOTTE WAGNER—"Charl"

Member of Student Association; clerical staff of "Annual."

She is a conscientious, capable, cheerful worker, her only thought is to please. She appreciates the beautiful in life, and under her hands ordinary piano keys emit voluminous tones, veritable rainbows of sound.

ROBERT HENDERSON—"Bob"

Debating Club 4; literary editor on "Empehi" staff 4; literary and activities editors on "Annual" staff 4; S. A.; class basketball 4; school track 3; Christmas Pageant; "San Toy."

Bob was voted as having the best disposition in the class; and beneath this mild gentleness, this pleasant manner, is great stability of character. He is one of the stellar members of the Debating Club, and has worked capably and cheerfully for the "Empehi".

Iliinois

EVELYN LANGE—"Evy"

Student Association; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Girl Reserves 2; "Pinafore"; "Sylvia" "Pirates of Penzance"; "San Toy"; orchestra 4; "Atropos" in prophecy playlet.

How thrilling it must be to have been made the subject of a cartoon, even if the cartoon doesn't look like you! This honor came to Evy by way of her exceptional musical accomplishments. (Didn't she look adorable directing the orchestra?)

DOROTHY YARROW—"Dot"

Girl Reserves; Student Association; Glee Club 1, 2; "Pinafore"; Lachesis in prophecy playlet.

"Divinely tall and most divinely fair." Dot is a girl that every one likes. As you pass her in the corridor you just can't help but turn and take a second look.

RICHARD SANDERS—"Rich"

Football 3, 4; (captain 3); class basketball 2, 3; class and school track 2, 3; baseball 4; Debating Club 4; Emblem Club; S. A; chairman civics committee; Glee Club; "Pinafore"; Pirates of Penzance," "Yen How" in "San Toy".

Tall, ambling, picturesque Rich, like a character out of a book he has "a rugged exterior but a heart of gold." Everyone in the class has a soft spot in his heart for that mop of golden hair, those kind eyes, that quizzical expression, the languid movement, and the slow, drawling speech so loaded with humor.

Illinois

ISABEL SLOCUM

Girl Reserves 4; Student Association; art editor on "Annual" staff 4; Glee Club 4; "Emperor's Own" in "San Toy."

Isabel came to Morgan Park from Englewood this year and ingratiated herself into our favor with her charming ways and her little habit of having something nice to say to everyone. We are fortunate, too, in having had the benefit of her artistic talent.

Academy of Fine Arts

DAVID GILLESPIE—"Dave"

Treasurer Hi-Y 3, member 3; Secretary Debating Club 4; Emblem Club 4; member Walking Club 1, 2, 3, President 4; editor "Athletics" 2, 3, S. A.; chairman auditing committee; Boys' Glee Club 4; senior class finance committee; football 2, 3, 4; (manager 1920); class basketball 1, 2, 3; track 1, 2, 3, 4; manager baseball team 4; "Pinafore"; "Pirate King" in "Pirates of Penzance"; first lieutenant R. O. T. C.

As his record indicates, David has belonged to everything but the Girl Reserves, and this was not because of a desire to be a social butterfly, but because he was needed. We are proud and grateful for his foot-ball prowess, his executive ability, and above all, his golden tongue. It is hard to imagine what the class would have been like without Dave.

Illinois

LUCILLE MULHERN

Girl Reserves 3, 4; Student Association. Lucille came to us from the Bloom Township High School as a sophomore and we grew to like her very much. She is a real Samaritan; she always has a smile for every one and is always ready to aid her fellow creatures in distress. We shall never forget some of the favors she has done for us.

St. Mary of the Woods

MARGARET HEDGES

Member of Girl Reserves 2, 3, 4; Science Club 4; Student Association; French Club 3; Ukelele Club.

Owing to her rather reserved manner, many of us do not know Margaret as well as we should; but those who do know her well, like her immensely for her amiable disposition and her common sense.

Rockford

JEAN RUSSELL

Girl Reserves 1, 2, 3, 4; S. A.; Glee Club 2; "Pinafore."

Pert, pretty, piquant Jean, with a name like a movie actress and the soul of a philanthropist! Jean has always made a warm and lasting acquaintance with whomever she came in contact. To her, no one was too dull or uninteresting to cultivate. Could life have the heart to dim the sparkle in her eyes or the brightness in her voice?

ROBERT McCLURE—"Bob"

Member of Student Association; Band 3, 4; Christmas Pageant.

Here is the village cutup witty, peppy, school-spirited, goes to all the games, and is known and liked by every-one.

FLORENCE BYERLY

Girl Reserves 1, 2, 3; Science Club 3; literary editor on "Empehi" staff 4; art editor on "Annual" staff 3, 4; S. A.; chairman social committee 4; Glee Club.

Florence was elected the cleverest girl in the senior class by a large majority of votes, which tells you better than we can do how interesting she is. When Florence is with us, the only Croesus we envy is the one who has a better friend.

Milwaukee-Downer College

JESSICA PRICE—"Jed"

President of the Science Club 3; secretary of the Walking Club 3; exchange editor on "Empehi" 3; literary editor 4; art editor on "Annual" staff 3, 4; civic committee 4; Glee Club 1; Girl Reserves 1, 2, 3, 4. chairman history committee.

We are all fond of this lovable girl with her half-whimsical, half-playful smile and her interesting personality. Long ago, when we were sophomores, someone said in a burst of sincere admiration, "Everything that Jessica or Florence does is so perfect!" And it is, take their work on this Annual for example. Denison University

MARION MURRAY

Girl Reserves 1, 2, 3; Science Club 3; Walking Club 2; literary editor "Empehi" 4; literary editor "Annual" 4; S. A.; civic committee; class night committee, chairman prophecy committee; Good English play committee.

Marion has done a great deal for the school and is easily one of our brightest, cleverest girls. She is efficient wherever you place her—the sort of girl you can always depend on—vivacious, spirited, enthusiastic, brimful of life and fun, a stanch friend, and the best of comrades.

Beloit

ROBERT STRONG—"Bob"

Literary editor on "Empehi" staff 4; S. A.; Science Club 3, 4; Debating Club 4; Emblem Club 4; class basketball 3; school and class basketball 4; class track 4; class baseball; captain signalling team 4; member championship team 3; rifle team; first lieutenant in R. O. T. C.

In the two years that he has been with us, Bob managed to make a brilliant record in athletics, R. O. T. C., and scholarship. He was a member of the quintet that brought us city-wide fame last year and he narrowly escaped being elected president of the senior class. (It may be interesting to know that in feminine circles he is noted for a fine profile, and a very dry humor.)

FERNE MULLIGAN—"Fernie"

Member of Student Association; Walking Club 3, 4; Science Club 3, 4; Girl Reserves 2, 3; interclass basketball 2, 3.

Chummy, gleeful, talkative Ferne, so bubbling over with amiability that to look at her is to love her—and laugh, or at least smile. Here's to Ferne, who has kept us good-humored for four years. May she always remain the baby of the class of nineteen twenty-three! Chicago

ELIZABETH GOSS—"Lib"

Student Association; Glee Club 1, 4; "San Toy."

We ask you, have you ever seen her downhearted? Neither have we. She may look blue at times but she never feels that way. Known to be purely optimistic, Lib has no rivals, but a host of friends. She may also be counted among our brainy people as she was voted as having the best "line," and, you know, to have a really good "line" takes brains.

ROBERT GILLESPIE—"Bibs"

Vice president of Hi-Y 4; first lieutenant in R O. T. C.; captain of track team 4; member 3; interclass track 2, 3, 4; manager foot-ball team 4; basketball team 2, 3 interclass basketball 1, 2; interclass baseball 2, 4; signalling team 4; Emblem Club; Science Club 4; Student Association; Boys' Glee Club 3, 4; "Pirates of Penzance", "San Toy."

We'll miss the Gillespies! Bibs has been one of our foremost athletes, one of our most conscientious students, and a loyal booster. We are proud of him.

ROSA MARTING—"Toots"

Member of Student Association; editor "Rippies" on "Empehi" staff 3, 4; typist on "Empehi" staff 4; Girl Reserves 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; quartet in "Sylvia," "Pirates of Penzance", "San Toy," pianist in orchestra.

Toots is always ready and eager to do something for you. She has worked hard at her music, and she plays superbly, as we have been shown on many occasions.

JACK SHIMMIN

Hi-Y 3, 4; Emblem Club 4; Student Association; civic committee 4; manager basketball team 4.

Jack is one of those quiet, good-natured persons liked by everyone. He never makes a public demonstration of his abilities, but his steady, earnest efforts produce good results. We can't help liking him; he is so thoroughly nice.

Illinois

GERTRUDE HODSON—"Gert"

Member Girl Reserves 2, 3; Student Association; Glee Club 2, 3.

We have seen Gertrude sit with her chin in her hand and dreams in her eyes. We would offer you a penny for your thoughts, dear Gertrude.

MARION HEINEMAN

Member of G. R. 3; chairman program committee 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; S. A.; "Sylvia"; "Pirates of Penzance," San Toy."

Marion has retained all of the sweetness, the simplicity, and the imagination that were hers as a child. She was elected prettiest girl in the class, and she is undeniably beautiful, not only in face, but in character.

RICHARD PRESTON—"Rich"—"Dick"

Football team 2, 3, 4; baseball 4; signalling team 4; interclass track 4; Debating Club 4; Emblem Club 4; Student Association; Glee Club 4; "Li Hi" in "San Toy."

We like his mild humor and the little trick he has of wrinkling his forehead when confronted with a deep problem in U. S. History. Furthermore, we wish to say that this mild, gentle looking arrow-collar lad is one of our fiercest football players.

MARVEL STEVEN

Member of Student Association; Girl Reserves; Science Club 3, 4; Walking Club 1; Glee Club; "Ripples" editor on "Annual" staff 4.

Here is our little ray of sunshine! She can always laugh, and always make you laugh. However, please don't think she is silly, for she's merely exuberant and charitably feels it her duty to make your likewise.

RUTH HICKERSON

Class and school basketball 2, 3; G. R. 3, 4; Walking Club 2, 3, 4; S .A.; Ukelele Club 4; Science Club 3, 4; "Mammy" in "A Southern Cinderella."

There can be no doubt that Ruth has her share of this world's burdens, but it is truly remarkable that she never lets us know about them, and not only that, but she tries to make us forget ours. Whenever we see her, she has an amiable smile for us, and no matter what the circumstances, we never feel that it is out of place.

HELEN KAPPLE

Member Girl Reserves 2, 3, 4; Student Association.

Helen's mien and the hue of her beautiful hair suggest temperament. She undoubtedly has it, and it could not help being a very agreeable temperament. Although we have heard rather little from Helen, we have been compensated on occasions when she "recited" for us at assemblies. These performances have always been polished as well as amusing.

DOROTHY BATEMAN—"Dic"

Girl Reserves 3, 4; Science Club 3, 4; ballet in "Pinafore"; Student Association.

Doesn't this tall, willowy, dreamy-eyed beauty remind you of your favorite heroine? She is of a deeply sympathetic nature; will listen to all your troubles with the utmost concern, and empty her heart to you by way of compensation.

Smith

ELIZABETH KENDIG—"Betty"

Member of Girl Reserves 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 3, 4; Student Association; Glee Club 4; "San Toy"; chairman class poem committee.

Betty is so sweet, so dignified, so pretty, and so very nice that we are rather overwhelmed when we contemplate her vast fund of common sense, and her very superior scholarship record.

Beloit

MARY BACKMYER—"Skipper"

President of Science Club 4, member 3; S. A.; Art editor "Empehi" 1, 2, 3, "Annual" 2; G. R. 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; "Sylvia"; "Pirates of Penzance"; "Fortune Teller" in "San Toy".

Mary has always satisfied our fondness for the picturesque, the slightly exotic; that is, she is interesting. She has a quality, too, which many interesting people lack, that of being able to notice and be interested in other interesting people.

BETTY McGEE

Member of Student Association and Girl Reserves 1.

"....pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast and demure."

So she impresses you at first, but later you find that she is capable of a gayety that is almost hilarious and has keen little humorous twists in her make-up.

ANNA TREDWELL—"Tudy"

Member of the Girl Reserves 3, 4; Student Association.

"Tudy" is cheerful, charming, peppy, and popular. When she was ill last winter, every one was anxious about her, inquiries coming in from all sides; Ferne used up a box of her best purple-edged stationery and all her study periods writing notes to Tudy. We were all glad when she came back, and we wish her the best of luck in the future.

VIRGINIA SINCLAIR

President of the Student Association 4, secretary 3, member 2; G. R.; Glee Club 4; "Mamie Potter" in Good English Play; "Dentist" in "San Toy."

We needed some one to "boss" us around, so Virginia came. We love to have her "boss" us; when she rolls those big brown eyes at us, we'd do anything for her, and her warm, roguish smile makes us her slaves forever.

Rockford

ADELE BINNEY

Member Girl Reserves 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Association; "Ripples" editor on "Empehi" staff 2; class night committee.

Adele is pretty, pleasant, and popular. She always has a good time herself because she contributes so much to the general merriment of the rest of us. We can still remember the terrible mix-ups Adele used to get into when she was a freshman; needless to say, her behavior is nothing short of perfect now.

Illinois

EDWARD WAYTE—"Jeff"

President of the Debating Club 4; editor "Once Over" 3, 4; S. A.

On his questionnaire Jeff stated that he was a member of the International Bachelors' Association, whatever that may be. In spite of this implied aversion to the ladies, we consider Jeff a nice boy, a real lively fellow, very entertaining. He is exceedingly popular and justly so; we pity every class that hasn't some one like him.

Illinois

ALICE COURTNEY

Member Girl Reserves 1, 2, 3, 4; S. A.; Secretary Walking Club, 3, member 2; interclass basketball 2, 3, 4; literary editor of "Empehi" 2, 3; editor of "Empehi" 4; editor of "Annual" 4; "Clio" in history playlet.

"If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be; now put foundations under them."

Admiringly, we have watched Alice laying those "foundations" with all the indomitable zeal of a true artist. She has spent many weary hours burning the midnight oil in work for Empehi and the Annual. We'll never find another just like you, Alice.

Chicago Normal College

RUTH GOLLER

Girl Reserves 4; Student Association; French Club 2.

The owner of those great, big, melting brown eyes is a girl who is found of puppies, driving automobiles, and excuses to exercise that little giggle. Throughout her four years Ruth has been a faithful student and a lovely companion.

Rockford

HELEN LAYCOCK

Member of Girl Reserves 1, 2, 3, president 4; editor Club News on "Empehi" Staff 4; S. A.; Ukelele Club 1; Junior-Senior banquet committee 3.

Helen has been one of the most burdened and least complaining executives in the school. Her cool efficiency is widely known and admired; she can attend to all her various duties, prepare her lessons acceptably, be ready to do any little favor you may ask of her, and still have time to be companionable.

Denison

DOROTHY BURNETT

Member of Student Association; Girl Reserves 4; interclass basketball 3, 4.

Dorothy possesses the best kind of sportsmanship; she stands up under any kind of mistreatment in basketball, and shows a lively interest in everything that goes on about her. When Alice Stuart was asked to help write something about the twins, she said, "I can't think of anything to say about them, they're so nice."

Chicago Normal College

ALICE STUART—"Stuie"—"Minute"

Member S. A; G. R. 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 3, 4; Walking Club 3, 4; Glee Club 1; photographer on "Annual" staff 4.

Alice is one of those little kittenish creatures who are always fussing around people, trying to make them happy; witness her untiring devotion to her adored twins. We wish that we could convince her how sweet she is; she insists on undervaluing her own worth.

Wisconsin.

HELEN BURNETT

Member of Student Association; Girl Reserves 4; interclass basketball 3, 4.

The "twins", though they look confusingly alike, have distinct personalities. Helen is a jolly girl, very even-tempered, and intensely loyal to Morgan Park.

Chicago Normal College

EDITH LOESER

Member of Student Association.

Edith her been here only two years, but in her quiet, unostentatious manner she has made many friends. We know her to be a diligent worker, an interesting conversationalist, and a subtle humorist.

EVERETT SHISSLER—"Evie"

Member of S. A.; vice president 3; civic committee 4; Emblem Club 4; basketball team 2, captain 4; class basketball 2, 3, 4; school and class baseball 2, 3; "San Toy."

What a combination! Handsome, immensely popular, athletic as a Greek God! But Evie is perfectly human, as you can tell by the way he blushes when attention is focused on him, and the more he blushes the better we like him.

University of Chicago

LOUISE BEARDSLEY

Member of S. A.; G. R. 1, 2; Walking Club 2, 3, 4; exchange editor on "Empehi" staff 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; orchestra 4; "Pinafore" "Pirates of Penzance," San Toy."

This apparently haughty beauty no doubt is here on earth to please the hearts of men (and women too) who love soft, lustrous brown eyes, even, pearly teeth, and natural waves. She objects to being photographed, which is why she looks so solemnly scornful here. You should see her smile.

EVELYN KERR—"Red"

Member of G. R. 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 2, 3, 4; Walking Club 2, 3, 4; editor "Once Over" in "Empehi" 3; literary editor 4, editor "Once Over" on "Annual" 4; S. A. interclass basket-ball 3, 4.

Mr. Weed pointed with pride to this picture and said "Look at Red, how the mischief just sticks out of her!" And what would we have done without Red to laugh at, argue with, or blame for our misdeeds? But aside from a mere superficial "funniness", she is to be admired for the unquenchable spirit, the firm loyalty, and the unerring sense of sportsmanship that have marked her way through high school.

WALTER COOK

Walter is one of these quiet, retiring people who are so hard to know.

"He reads much, he is a great observer, and he looks quite through the deeds of men."

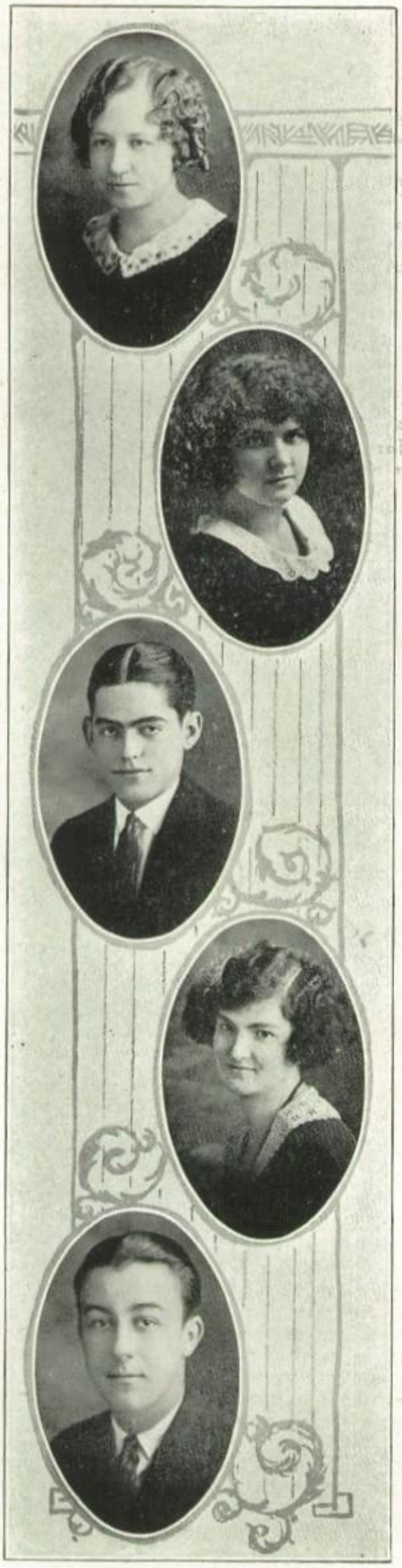
We only wish we could have known him better.

ARCHIE SHAVER

Member Debating Club; vice president Radio Club; S. A.; R. O. T. C. 1, 2, 3.

Archie is one of the comparatively quiet people in our class. We always used to think of him as the cherubic little boy with the radio magazine. Now he is no longer little, nor yet so very cherubic, but he still carries the radio magazine. We are thankful for his quietness, comparative though it may be; it is well that a few people sit back and develop brain cells while the rest of us exercise our tongues.

Cornell



ESTHER COBE

Girl Reserves 2, 3, 4; Walking Club 3, 4; Student Association; interclass basketball 4.

People like Esther are indispensable in any sort of an organization. We should suffer more than we realize if we lacked her loyalty, her sportsmanship, and her conscientiousness.

EVELYN HAMILTON

Member of Student Association; Walking Club 3, 4; interclass and interschool basketball 2, 3, 4; "A Southern Cinderella."

Evelyn is one of our basketball stars. You should see her play! Her black, curly hair stands up as if electrified with the life in her, and, perhaps, by the thought-wheels whirring around inside her head. There is a sparkle about Evelyn that is intriguing.

University of Chicago

LESLIE PERKINS

Editor athletics on "Empehi" and "Annual"; interclass basketball; Boys' Glee Club; S. A.; "San Toy."

Leslie came to us last fall from Crane, where he was prominent in school activities. He entered into our spirit at once, and promptly became popular. All the boys like him; a great many girls think that he is very nice, but a larger majority consider him "just wonderful!"

MARBETH PERVIER

Girl Reserves 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 3; secretary Walking Club 4, member 1, 2, 3; S. A.; Ukelele Club; Girls' Chorus 3, 4; "Emperor's Own" in "San Toy."

One of Marbeth's outstanding qualities is her generosity. She is very jolly, always eager for a good time, and you usually find a lot of happy noise around her. She is graduating in three and one half years, the youngest in the class.

Sweet Briar

WILBUR McCLELLAN—"Willie"

S. A., social committee 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; class basketball 4; basketball team 4; baseball team 4; Emblem Club; orchestra 3; Christmas Pageant; "Sylvia", "Pirates of Penzance;" "Emperor" in "San Toy."

Willie is very sociably inclined and so, of course, we like to have him around. Although it has been our habit, for certain reasons, to class him with Perseus, Pygmalion, Leander, Orpheus, and gentlemen of like fame, he has always participated enthusiastically in school activities.

HELEN RITSCH

G. R. 1, 2, 3; Walking Club 3, 4; S. A.; Glee Club 1.

Helen sits back quietly and watches things happen, then she comes forward and startles one with a terse observation. If her opinions were circulated more widely, we should have more food for thought, and amusement too. She is gifted, ambitious, and determined; we expect her to have a career in music.

MARK HALLETT

Student Association; Debating Club; Good English Play; "San Toy" (electrician).

He takes life seriously, says little and thinks much. He is musically inclined, and studious, noted for nice manners and scintillant wit.

Columbia School of Music

LOIS DANGREMOND—"Loie"

G. R. 1, 2, 3, vice president 4; Science Club 3; Editor "Once Over" "Empehi" 3, 4; snap shot editor "Annual" 4; S. A.; Glee Club 4; orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; orchestra in "Pinafore", "Sylvia", "Pirates of Penzance," "San Toy."

Lois can coax beautiful tones from a violin, and praise of her playing brings a flush of pleasure to her cheeks that betrays the true artist. In addition to this, Lois has an even temper and is a worthwhile friend.

VAUGHAN HOFFACKER

President of the Radio Club; member Science Club 3; Student Association.

"This is such a serious world that we should never speak at all unless we have something to say." That is probably how Vaughan feels about it for we seldon hear him speak unbidden. Those who know him well, however, say that he is very witty.

Illinois

NORMA WINKLEY—"Norm"

Member of Girl Reserves 4; Student Association.

Like all quiet people, Norma accomplishes much while the rest of us are chattering. She is nice and agreeable, which makes it easy to become acquainted with her, and she is so serenely dignified that it was a triumphant victory for the "Pro-Bobbed" society when Norma was won over to their ranks.

JEAN MORNINGSTAR

Member of Student Association; Glee Club 3, 4; "Kate" in "Pirates of Penzance"; "San Toy."

With a name like this it should not be at all difficult to get into the movies; but it would be too bad if Jean did go to Hollywood and become a screen actress, for then we couldn't hear her talk or raise her lovely voice in song, so let's hope that she never does.

Chicago.

GEORGE DUJARDIN—"Dujie"

Member of Student Association; Radio Club 4; R. O. T. C. 3, 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Band 3, 4; orchestra 4; "Pirates of Penzance"; "Hu Pi" in "San Toy."

"Ask and you will find out" is Dujie's motto. He is continually asking questions, and so is well-informed on a variety of subjects. Besides being immensely entertaining, George is a conscientious and indefatigable worker.

LENORA SNOW—"Shorty"

Girl Reserves 1; Student Ascociation; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; committee on "hard times" party; "Sylvia," Pirates of Penzance." and one of the "Six Little Wives" in "San Toy".

So little, so doll-like, so sweet, we'd like to eat her! She is useful as well as ornamental; we are glad to have had her with us, a conscientious student and a valuable asset to our last opera.

Hillsdale

ALICE LEHMAN

Member Girl Reserves 2; S. A.; Glee Club 1; Orchestra in Christmas Pageant; "Pinafore". "Pirates of Penzance" and "San Toy."

Alice is the hardy perennial in our garden of girls. She is fond of stepping hard on the accelerator, always cheerful and always able to make us laugh. If she ever does "get mad" her anger is transient, but her friendship is eternal.

Northwestern

ROBERT STITT

Foot ball 2, 3, 4; class basket ball 2, 3; class track 2, 3, 4; class and school baseball 3, 4; Emblem Club 4; S. A.; Secretary Sophomore class; first lieutenant R. O. T. C.; Band; Orchestra 3, 4; Christmas Pageant; "Pirates of Penzance"; "San Toy."

We have rarely seen Bob when he wasn't acting "funny" but if "the man in jest is the key to the man in earnest" we have high hopes for him.

FEBRUARY GRADUATES

LUCY BROOKS

Student Association; Glee Club.

During Lucy's brief sojourn here we once over-heard the following dialogue; "So-and so likes Lucy an awful lot," to which the answer came promptly, "We all do. She's a mighty fine girl."

JOHN HEIL—"Bussie"

Class treasurer 2; Emblem club; Student Association; footbail team 2, 3, 4; basket-ball team 1, 2; inter-class basket-ball team 1, 2, 3; interclass track 2; interclass baseball 2, 3; "Pa Potter" in Good English Play.

Bussie's record speaks for itself. He has always been active, peppy, and extremely popular. In fact he was one of our most loyal and best-liked supporters.

COMMERCIAL CLASS

FLORENCE HEINO—"Flo"

President 2; member of S. A.; financial committee 2; social committee; commercial editor on "Empehi" staff; Girl Reserves; "Hiring a Stenographer"; class history.

Wherever Flo is, there is sunshine. Ask her friends, they know. We wish there were more like her. Her future is not yet decided.

IRMA SIEGERT—"Bobby"

Secretary 2; member of S. A.; "Hiring a Stenographer"; financial committe; will; clerical staff of the "Annual."

Bobby is the brightest and most popular girl in our class.

ELLEN SCHLAGEL—"Len"

Treasurer 2; member of S. A.; "Hiring a Stenographer"; financial committee 2.

We have found Len a conscientious worker and we believe that she will succeed in her future business career.

BERNICE LEONARD—"Beans"

Member of S. A.; Glee Club 1, 2; "San Toy"; class basketball; class end-ball.

Bernice is the tallest girl in our class and is also our leading athlete. She has a pleasing manner and is liked by all who know her.

MARGARET ALM—"Marge"

Member of S. A.; Marge's chief ambition is to have fun and to be a stenographer. She has a sunny disposition, is pretty and popular, and, moreover, is a credit to our class and a worth-while friend.

ADELINE BONOW—"Addie"

Member of S. A.; Addie was so busy during her course, that she found little time for school activities. However, those who know her, like her, which speaks for itself.

WILLIAM MARTINKA—"Bill"

Billy has shown his prowess in many ways, among them athletics and scholarship. As Bill is the only boy in our class, he might easily have been spoiled, but he proved unspoilable.

LILLIAN MARQUIST—"Lillums"

Member of S. A ; Lillums has not yet decided what she will do in the future but we know that whatever she attempts to do, she will accomplish.

ESTHER FARMER—"Es"

Member of S. A.; Esther has a remarkable skill on the typewriter and in shorthand, accomplishments which will assure her success in her future occupation.

ESTELLE ANCZACK—"Noisy"

Member of S. A. Estelle intends to continue her business education, but is as yet undecided as to the school. We wish her the best of success in the pursuance of her vocation.

MILDRED KAY.—"Mil"

Member of S. A.; Mil will continue her education at Morgan Park, and will then go to the Normal College to study to be a kindergarten teacher. Best of luck!

MILDRED PUTZ—"Milly"

Member of S. A.; typist "Empehi" staff; Glee Club, "Pirates of Penzance," "Sylvia"; Girl Reserves.

Milly is a conscientious and capable worker as was shown by her scholastic record throughout her course. We wish her the best of luck in her business career.

SVEA NORMAN—"Sve"

Member of S. A.; Sve was so busy during her high school career that she found little time to join in school activities, but we have found her agreeable and eager to please.

EDITH LARSON—"Ed"

Member of S. A. Ed was very accurate and speedy in typewriting and shorthand, which will surely bring her success in the business-world.

NOAMI GOGGIN—"Doll"

Member of S. A. Doll is pretty, has a pleasing personality, and is bright and clever. All these were combined in one personality, a credit to the class of February 1923.

OUR PLEDGE

Tell us not of deeds heroic,
Urge us not to Fame's high peak;
We search not for wealth and honor,
We're not those who glory seek.

Tell us of old joys and sorrows,
Of our school, dear M. P. High;
Tell of '23, and classmates
Bound in golden friendship's tie.

We go out into the future,
Holding thoughts of happy days;
Thoughts of work and play and friendships,
To remain with us always.

By our mem'ries we'll be strengthened,
As we go o'er land and sea;
And we trust life will be brightened,
By the class of '23.

Let us then for aye and ever,
Pledge our love to Morgan Park!
Pledge to live by her traditions,
Pledge for *her* to make our mark!

R. H. - E. K. - M. B. '23

THE HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY-THREE

A playlet in one act.

Committee:

Jessica Price
Alice Courtney
Stuart Sinclair

Dramatis Personae:

Clio, Muse of History, Alice Courtney.
Father Time, confidant to Clio, David Gillespie.

Scene: A more or less secluded spot in the Garden of the Gods, on Mount Olympus. In the center of the stage is a backless bench of classic design; to the left front is a similar bench. As the curtain rises, Clio is seated on the center bench in an attitude of deep meditation. Father Time enters right and passes back of Clio as if going out left. About to go off stage he glances back at Clio. Noting her attitude he stops, looking at her quizzically, then he comes forward and sits down on the other bench.

Father Time: (with rather elaborate mock-seriousness) Well, Clio, what is on your mind?

Clio: (troubled) It's the History of the Class of Nineteen Twenty-Three, Morgan Park High School, 11043 Hermosa Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, William Schoch, principal. I-I can't do anything with it. I don't seem to be able to go about it properly.

Father Time: (facetiously) Why Clio, I though you had a rubber stamp or something of the sort out on these class histories, and used the same thing every year, just changing the names and the dates. Something like this, you know: "It was a terror-stricken group of little green things that timidly entered high school that first bright morning, their knees shaking and their teeth chattering in their heads. And as they stood huddled in despondent groups. . . ."

Clio: (She listened at first with mild surprise and then broke into suppressed laughter.) No! No! Father Time. Not this year! Not for this class! This is going to be entirely different, an innovation in the way of class histories. This—why this is an exceptional class, (Father Time grunts skeptically) a remarkable exceptional class—(She breaks off with a faraway look in her eyes.)

Father Time: (Slowly, ponderously, as if delivering an *obiter dictum*) In the dark, dim prehistoric past there *may* have been a class that entered high school with "fear and trembling" but this class certainly did not. (He chuckles reminiscently.) Why, d' you remember, they were only in school a couple of months when. . . ."

Clio: (anticipating him) Sh—there are some things better left unmentioned.

Father Time: (drily) I suppose so, especially in the record of an exceptional class. But at any rate, I stoutly affirm that this class did not enter high school with fear and trembling. (He says this last sentence as if eager to provoke argument).

Clio: (placatively) Certainly not! This, as we have mentioned before, is an exceptional class.

Father Time: (still argumentative) But Clio, that's not such a new idea in class histories. Every once in a while, in fact, at surprisingly frequent intervals you have recorded the annals of an exceptional class.

Clio: (doubtfully) Perhaps, but not like this one. This class admits its own distinctiveness. After due cogitation any member of it will testify, will feel conscientiously called upon to testify to its exceptionality. I myself feel justified in calling it a *unique* class.

Father Time: You tell 'em. I'll bet if you had been on the platform during a class meeting you would have heard the president saying to the secretary, "Oh my, what a class! What a class!"

Clio: (She suppresses a smile, meditates deeply for a minute and then proceeds in rather an oratorical strain.) There was something about this class, so indefinable, so rarely found elsewhere, that it seems impossible to chronicle it properly. To record that they did thus and so, that certain people

were elected to certain offices, and all that sort of thing seems trivial, inane, futile. And to describe them as entering high school quaking and shivering would certainly be silly. No, they were anything but that,—little girls with pig-tails, little boys in short trousers, cock-sure, impertinent, pugnacious, inquisitive little imps, and very receptive. They studied hard, making good grades, and although they participated in school activities enthusiastically, they formed no organization of their own that year. They were too busy getting acquainted with their surroundings, and with each other, coming as they did, from five different grammar schools.

In the sophomore year the class was organized, and they effected a compromise in electing officers that were both capable and popular. They gave a dance to raise funds, and these funds were used to defray an unforeseen expense perpetrated by a certain red-haired gentleman who already held a firmly established position of joy and light to his classmates and of horror to his teachers.

The spirit that I have spoken of so glowingly was rapidly maturing during these two years, and in the third year it had become increasingly manifest. In fact, by this time the class of twenty-three, now the junior class, had become the foremost in the school. They had successfully invaded everything. They had ten men on the football team; they won the interclass indoor baseball championship, and defeated the faculty team, which was in itself a feat. They were well represented in other branches of athletics and in clubs and organizations. Two of the officers in the Students' Association were held by juniors and several juniors had important parts in the opera. They finished the year with the annual dinner that is usually given to the seniors by the juniors. This one, given to the class of '22 by the class of '23 was the most successful of any that had preceded it. No one who was there will ever forget the riot of color that dominated the ordinarily drab lunch-room, with the gay balloons and strings of confetti that hung from the ceiling. They will have a lasting impression of how lovely the girls looked, how handsome all the boys were, the scintillating repartee that passed across the tables, the music, the speeches—

Father Time: Don't forget about the menu. And do you remember how the balloons and confetti tumbled down on them as they went out and the girls all scrambled for balloons to match their dresses?

Clio: (rather abruptly, as if having been suddenly aroused from contemplation of the picture she has been painting) In the senior year came the culmination, the full maturity of this unique spirit, this ideal of fun- loving democracy with which the class was so closely united. In addition to that, there came an ebullience, fostered by the realization that they were the seniors, the pride of the school, looked up to, envied, commented upon, admired and imitated; for every individual senior is in himself a celebrity to the gaping lower-classman. It was in the last semester that the seniors began to appreciate more fully the pure delight of the situation, and inner voices said to

every member of the class of twenty-three, "This is your last semester! Make the most of it!" That is why the seniors have had so much to say to one another, in the halls, on entering class, in the division room and in the study hall. The teachers were obliged to reprimand them frequently, but no doubt they laughed up their sleeves as they did so, at the fervor, the vehemence which the seniors were anxiously pouring into every remaining moment of their school lives. They were infusing this spirit into everything they did, making every little issue a subject for serious, heated, and voluble discussion.

Father Time: Don't forget about civics, the debates, room 404 in the Sherman House, and the man on horseback. No matter how exceptional the class is you can't leave that out.

Clio: Of course, I suppose they debated on the same old subjects, but I am sure that they treated them in a manner entirely new and ingenious. As I was saying, every little event provoked an enormous amount of comment—discourse that seemed absolutely necessary in spite of the conviction of certain teachers to the contrary.

Father Time: Yes, the presidential election last fall, and then later, the photographer's proofs and the questionnaires.

Clio: Ah yes, the last is but another striking instance of the originality of this class. The old form of questionnaire that had been in use for the past decade or so was denounced as inadequate and a new one was devised by a couple of their cleverest girls, with the result that a large portion of the class developed insomnia.

(Father Time grunts expressively).

Clio: Well, much as they had to say, they were often inarticulate, so over-flowing were they with the joy of living. But even when, suddenly conscience-stricken perhaps, they hurried to classes without stopping to talk, they looked at one another with eyes that said, "Aren't you glad you're alive? Isn't it fun to be a senior?" And when, silenced in the study hall, they lifted their heads from their books to gaze out of the windows, from whence blew beguiling spring breezes, of what were they thinking? The future? Perhaps, but more likely the present, and how good it was to live. And thus contemplating life, no wonder it was hard to turn from the fascinating skyline formed by the portable roofs and chimneys and the mosaic of feathery green elms against a turquoise blue sky, to a thick old book telling about the French Revolution and other events of negligible importance. However, the hardest lesson that twenty-three had to learn was that one cannot be a senior forever; that the time allotted to that delicious experience is short, very short. They count the weeks, the days, and June is here. At last the seniors are repressed, chastened, and subdued, as with expectancy, sparkling eyes, and pink cheeks, they march up to get their diplomas. Their high school careers are finished; they have completed the required course of study.

But is that all? What of those who have so patiently, so kindly, and so expertly guided them and taught them not only problems in mathematics, the structure of languages, deeds of earlier men, and laws of nature, but have directed them to ends worth striving for and means worthy of them; have

shown them the beautiful, distracting them from the sordid; have shown them how to live with one another, suppressing petty dislikes and foolish ambitions; have provided a wholesome discipline and a comfortable restraint; in short, have moulded and shaped their characters for contact with the world. So it will be with a mute thanksgiving for an eternal indebtedness to these friends and companions—their teachers, and a fleeting regret for an irrevocable past that the eyes of the seniors will glisten with an added sparkle after Commencement.

A TRIBUTE

From the Seniors to M. P. High

O Empehi! Our alma mater!
With one accord we sing thy praise!
Thy name and fame we'll cherish ever
To thee, in love, our voices raise!

O Empehi! Thou hall of learning
Within thy walls we've labored long,
And learned that only true endeavor
Makes work a pleasure, life a song.

O Empehi! Through book and teacher,
Both mind and spirit you have stirred;
From latent power to conscious vigor—
Appreciation long-deferred.

O Empehi! Scene of our pleasures!
With tender thoughts we turn to thee;
To friendships made; to days so joyous!
A golden wealth of memory!

O Empehi! How can we leave thee!
A last farewell—we've reached the goal!
We drop a silent tear at parting,
For thou hast bound us heart and soul!

Chorus:

O Empehi! Our alma mater!
With one accord we sing thy praise!
Thy name and fame we'll cherish over
To thee, in love, our voices raise.

—*Jessica Price*

THE CLASS WILL

In the name of Morgan Park High—Amen!

We, the Senior Class of this year of our Lord, nineteen hundred twenty three, now roaming at large through the building known as Morgan Park High School, being of a generous state of mind and of our usual infallible memory, do make, ordain, publish, and declare this to be our Last Will and Testament.

First: We do order and direct that our Executrix hereinafter named pay our just debts and funeral expenses as soon after our decease as conveniently may be.

Second: After payment of such debts and expenses, we give, devise, and bequeath all our property (real and borrowed) of which we may die possessed, in the following manner:

I.

To the School:

1. Unto the Juniors, we do leave our famous ability for appearing to study while in reality we are dreaming dreams and seeing visions; our proverbial athletic prowess; and last, all the unwritten rights and privileges of a mighty senior, through the devoted exercise of which they may some day reach our exalted intellectual plane (and, incidentally, "fill our shoes"—with the exception of Dave's) as well as we did ourselves.

2. To the Sophomores, this being our last chance so to do, we do leave, bestow, endow, inflict, and otherwise give one lemon of superior quality, and our blessing.

3. To the Freshmen, we do give a speedway over the present corridor, through which the conscientious souls may reach Portable Five and adjacent points without being delayed at "the world's busiest corner."

4. Unto All and Sundry, we do bestow a brass rail for the lunchroom, along which the weary may slide well-laden trays, said rail to be daily polished by all those who forget the admonition, "Carry trays to the side table and save labor, please."

5. Upon the prospective Checker Club, which we trust will soon be formed, we do inflict, with profound humiliation of spirit, Richard Preston's black and white checked shirt, such shirt to be worn by the successive presidents of the Senior class upon the anniversary of our decease. May it be preserved in moth-balls for many years to come!

II.

1. To Mr. Schoch and to the Faculty, who have been not only our teachers but our friends and comrades as well; who have patiently guided our stumbling feet over the rough places, have admonished and counselled and verbally chastised us when chastisement seemed good for our souls; who during the past four years have been interested alike in our work and in our frolic and fun, we do leave our heartfelt gratitude and appreciation.

2 To Mr. Thompson, with loud wailing and lamentation, we do give a Carrara marble monument for the musical mouse. (May its soul and bones rest in peace!)

3. To Miss Petty, in an effort to lessen the cares which infest her life. we do present (1) one million little slips of paper engraved as follows: "Please bring excuse for tardiness on the 9th, 13th, 14th, 18th, and 23rd of this month; and (2) a small safe to hold the petty cash collected from our impoverished class.

4. To Miss Fuhrman, we do leave the right to confiscate all goloshes left on top of the lockers, and do suggest that said goloshes be used as footwear for Miss Babcock's little orphan centipedes, the money thus saved to be used to defray the "running" expenses of the new building.

5. To Miss Mackin (and the civic committee) we do bequeath one "Hoover," with all of the latest improvements, self-starting, self-propelling, guaranteed to pick up all the bits of paper, crayon, orange peel, and other debris dropped by heedless students, and to deposit them carefully and expeditiously into the nearest waste-basket.

6. To Miss Miller, we do give a news stand located at the south entrance so that she may handle the "Current Events" more easily.

7. To Mr. Libonati, with profound pleasure, we do give a chair which he may tilt backward without danger of turning a somersault.

8. To Mr. Hamilton, we bequeath (1) a class which really likes to "argue pro and con," (2) an electric shuffling machine (guaranteed not to "stack") for the little white class cards, and (3) a map of Indiana framed in gold.

Third: We do hereby make, constitute, and appoint our beloved feline mascot, Hannibal, sole executrix of this, our Last Will and Testament, and we hereby direct that she may settle our estate (disregarding that part which may be in the "Lost and Found") in her own sweet way, without being compelled to account to the Faculty or any other august body; and we do hereby revoke all and every former bequest by us made.

In Witness Whereof we have hereunto subscribed our name and affixed our seal this day of June.

The Seniors (Seal)

This instrument was on the day of the date thereon signed, published and declared by the said Testator, the Senior Class, to be their Last Will and Testament in the presence of us, who at their request have subscribed our names thereto as witnesses, in their presence and in the presence of each other.

Dorothy Bateman, Chairman
Robert Stitt
Florence Byerly
Richard Preston

THE CLASS PROPHECY

Written by:
Marion Murray
Adele Binney
Robert Blew
Gilbert Hohmann

Characters:
Clotho: Evelyn Lange
Lachesis: Dorothy Yarrow
Atropos: Marion Morrison

Setting: Class Night.

Curtain rises revealing three Fates around a cauldron, muttering and grumbling incoherently.

Clotho: Twice the brinded cat hath mewed
Lachesis: Twice, and once the hedge-pig whined,
Athopos: Harpier cries "Tis time, 'tis time!"
All: The hour has come for us to see
The fates of the class of 23.
Around about the cauldron go,
And in the mem'ries of schooldays throw;
And from this seething, sparkling brew,
We'll distill a fate for each of you,
Such defeat, success, smiles, laughter, tears,
As shall be yours in the coming years.

Clotho: I throw in the jokes of schoolday life,
The wit, and fun, and frequent strife;
Canteens and all their contents varied,
Which each and every girl has carried,
With powder, lipstick, rouge, and all
Cosmetics—aids to beauty's call.
Add combs, Stacombs, and pocket glass,
Which boys possess in ev'ry class
That lure a maiden's mind from work,
And cause her oft to flunk and shirk,
With these I place the styles they wear,
Long skirts, short skirts, and bobbed hair;
Bell-trousered boys with their weird ties,
A drawing target for girlish eyes.
Spring fever, too, with its ardent crushes,
Made known to all by guilty blushes;
I add these loves to our mighty pot
From which we shall foretell each lot.
Fling in the locker, your four year's friend,
And then your lockermate, endured to the end.

And last but not least the lunch-room rush
For beans and hash, for soup and mush.
My quota's in, there's naught amiss—
It boils and brews, Hark to Lachesis!!

Lachesis:

I add the things all students do,
School activities, old and new.
I drop in civic and social zest,
Dance, opera, banquet, and all the rest—
Debating Club, Girl-Reserves, Hi-Y,
And the entire staff of "Empehi".
The Science Club and all its bugs,
The Walking Club, so hard on rugs,
The Uke, and the Radio fan,
Band, Glee-Clubs, Orchestra—to a man!
I stir in your Annual rich and rare,
Your R. O. T. C. beyond compare.
I toss in basket-ball, baseball, track,
Football and tennis! My brain I rack!
I throw in a victory and a defeat,
And thus the cycle is complete.

Atropos:

I throw in the class room atmosphere
Replete with memories bright and dear.
An argument from the Civics class,
Where you take "pro" if for "con" you ask;
The harmony which music gave
To quiet the nerves of all who rave.
A gaseous mixture—in the chem. lab. found
A most weird, mysterious, ill-smelling compound.
Recipes, patterns, tools, bugs, grasses,
From household, tech, and science classes.
Shorthand, posters, theorems galore
Dates, themes, declensions in we pour;
Miss Barry's aid so kindly lent
When to the office you were sent,
For lock, key, book, or admit slip—
Her smile made it a pleasure-trip.
From the study hall filled with work and glee,
I drop in lost and improved opportunity.
I add the exams—oft your dread Waterloo,
And the bluff which sometimes helped you through.
I cast in your teachers' influence
For honor and truth that would scorn pretence.

Mr. Schoch's kindly counsel in all its might,
Guiding erring ones to the right;
Aiding, admonishing, consoling,
The knell of dead hopes never tolling.
I add the last the pot can hold—
Your teachers' efforts—toil untold,
Which brought from you appreciation
Of all in art, lit., science, since the world's creation.

All: Our cauldon now is filled to the brim,
We unroll for you the future dim.
Incline your ears, our words mark well,
In after years the tales to tell.
The days have passed, the years have flown,
We read the future, the great unknown—
The veil is rent, the screen not there,
We speak, now mark our words with care.

Lachesis, stirring:
I stir, now watch your doom unfold.
Intent I peer, a fate I mould,
What have we here the first of all?
Ruth Crapser, hearken to my call.

In a snug little bungalow so bonnie, you're making angel cake for devoted Johnnie.

Clotho: The Fates now show two lives entwined. Charlotte and Dilwyn here I find. In Charlotte's French Pastry Shop on the Rhine, Dilwyn makes the frappè for those who dine.

Atropos: My turn is next. Now list to me. Ha! Evelyn Hamilton here I see. Although, she forgot every scrap of history that her father had taught her, she wrote a best seller, "Reminiscences of a History Teacher by his devoted Daughter."

Clotho: A group of two I now discern, whose names are Marting and Mulhern. They abhor the dull, domestic strife, and sell insurance for the "Bankers' Life."

Lachesis: Your old friend Gilbert has great renown, his fame has spread throughout the town. In a Chinese laundry he runs the mangle, and gets things in to a fearful tangle.

Atropos: The noted couple Burnett and Burnett, lead the world-famous Saxophone Sextette.

Clotho: Your erstwhile class-mate, clever Alice, left journalism for a marble palace. In velvet and ermine she may be seen, as lady-in-waiting to England's queen.

Lachesis: Elizabeth Goss on Monterey, in a doughnut shop procures her pay.

Atropos: Adele and Betty wished to roam, so Mars they visited, far from home. As pilots of canal boats there, they're getting rich by daily fare.

Lachesis: Edward Wayte comes up to view. A pride you should feel in

him too. Because of always aiming high, you see him traveling to the sky. He runs an elevator.

Clotho: A girl once sweet and meek and mild, now follows a calling weird and wild. Because of an inconstant wooer, Mary Backmyer turned professional tattoer.

Atropos: To keep a man takes skill you know, Marbeth and Alice both thought so. And so they run a column now, to tell all girls the why and how.

Clotho: A Ladies' Beauty-Parlor one may see, where Willie Mac collects your fee. His fondness for "Jaynes" since an early year, caused him to launch on this career.

Lachesis: Rich Sanders now is in great bliss, his three square meals he'll never miss. He's head-waiter at the Ritz-Carlton.

Clotho: Behold the Morningstar-Russell ballet, before dukes and duchesses they dance each day. Under the management of Marion Heineman, the dashing blonde, they win plaudits galore from the great beau monde.

Atropos: "Dic" Bateman rivals Webster's fame, on a dictionary one finds her name.

Lachesis: As Archie always was retiring, he mends and keeps autos for hiring. The fame of the Shaver Repair Shop circulates all thru' the loop.

Atropos: It ought to be a joy to all that Jed and Marion didn't fall. A job like that of old they have, they wear white suits and work like mad. "A City Clean" still is their pride, and in "Pageants of Progress" they often ride.

Clotho: The well-known Stu of former years, sees spendthrifts shed most bitter tears. The three gold balls in front of his shop, have required the service of many a "cop."

Lachesis: Honor to him to whom honor is due, friend Ferne is in an Irish stew. All Ireland is shouting "Mulligan for president of the Irish Free State."

Atropos: At George Dujardin do not scoff, for of Abyssinian he is a "prof." At the University of Beverly Hills.

Clotho: Kerr and Kapple quite outshine all other firms in their own line. They are advertisers for Winkley's Henna Hair Tint Company.

Atropos: Lehmann and Loeser wild and free, a bandit pair appear to be.

Lachesis: A noted psychoanalyst is Walter Cook, imagine this!

Clotho: A bashful and retiring chap, now leads his monkey by the strap. Mark Hallet is a professional organ grinder.

Atropos: Oh, worse and worse is yet to come, Betty Kendig's fate is really dumb. She is Captain of the Y.W.C.A. Tiddle dee wink Tournament.

Clotho: Ione Cole attains great fame, as a professional bridge player she makes her name.

Atropos: Evie Shissler with lordly mien, as Siamese potentate may be seen. He came, he saw, he conquered there, and with King Tut we him compare.

Lachesis: The National-Anti-Chewing-Gum-League has workers four who

know no fatigue. Lois Dangremond, Louise Beardsley, Ruth Goller, and Margaret Hedges are rabid reformers for the uplift of the feminine sex.

Clotho: Of dear old Vaughan you should be proud. His luck is heralded long and loud. He has just completed his latest invention, movies by Radio.

Atropos: The Byerly lectures are indeed a scream; aesthetic cannibalism is their theme. Florence shows its far-reaching effect as evidenced by the late ear-ring fad.

Lachesis: A disappointment sharp and keen sent Leslie Perkins from the scene. He is on his way to Alaska where he may see Snow all the year around.

Clotho: Contrition now did Lenora grip. She soon sailed northward on a ship. May luck go with her all the way! May she with Leslie always stay!

Atropos: Helen Laycock fat and fair, now bobs dear little children's hair. Take the elevator to the tenth floor at Rothchild's.

Lachesis: Bob McClure recalls a former day, and keeps a kennel where lost dogs stay.

Clotho: A name that baffles the linguist's skill,—none can pronounce it, try who will.—Well, that's the kind that Esther had, and she was almost driven mad; so she left the howling city strife for the seclusion of a farmer's wife.

Lachesis: Both worthy and unworthy fall, for the allurements of Terpsichore's call. On the stage where the music so softly entrances, Bob Gillespie and Gertrude Hodson interpret the latest Egyptian dances.

Atropos: Richard Preston, with a husky fist, wins gold and glory as a pugilist.

Clotho: Virginia Sinclair we see in her prime, and raising wee lambkins takes all of her time. Mack Jr. is first, and then comes Ned. The third is Tom, the fourth baby Ted.

Lachesis: Jack Shimmin, once so thin and tall, has State Street traffic at his beck and call. A policeman, round and robust too, he's changed in the years since him you knew.

Atropos: A partnership now comes to view, with Dorothy Yarrow and Louise Crew. Professional chaperoning is their line, when eager young souls for diversion pine.

Lachesis: A traveling salesman—"sticks" her trade,—is Marion Morrison, a dear old maid. She deals in golf sticks, chop sticks and lip sticks.

Atropos: What fate the charmed pot now turns? 'Tis none other than that of Harold Burns! His Resolute Athletic Club of Brainerd, Illinois, won the International Basketball Championship in 1930.

Clotho: Two minds with but a single thought. A glimpse of "Ev" and "Sue" I caught. As missionaries to the land of snow, they teach the art of tatting to the Eskimo.

Atropos: "Whiz Bang's" Editor you all know, is none other than our Miriam Brough.

Lachesis: Of Marvel Steven you soon shall know, her "Marvel" taxis are sure and slow. In suits of blue with buttons of brass, her chauffeurs win smiles from many a lass.

Clotho: Bob Blew's best work is making verse. By children's rhymes he fills his purse. His pen does him great fortune yield, for he's a second Eugene Field.

Atropos: Paul Clissold trains an island band. He charms the natives throughout the land. The South Sea Islands, are his home, and from their shores he'll never roam.

Lachesis: For the Senior president, charming Ruth, Bob Stitt has lost his mind, forsooth! When last seen the South Sea was his goal, where he sought the lost love of his blighted soul.

Athopos: Bob Henderson and Isabel are wealthy and content as well. As Texas Senator, Bob and his wife, share Washington's distinguished social life.

Clotho: Everything about plants and flowers is being taught by Ethel Bowers. She is a botany teacher.

Lachesis: In a State Street Emporium as fine as can be, Bob Strong shining shoes, you'll be able to see.

Atropos: Ritsch and Hickerson, an illustrious pair, as elocutionists train with care.

Clotho: None other than your "Dave" of old, whose exploits far and wide are told. As boss of a socialistic faction, he is a wild and weird attraction.

Silence

All: The pot boils down, the fires burn out—
Our words are spoken,—the fates you rout—
You'll mock our vision, scorn our art,
And in your plans give them no part,
But mark our words, e'er sets life's sun,
What we've said here shall all be done!

CURTAIN

It's hard to think that the school we love,
We soon shall leave forever;
But friends we made in the years spent there,
Will be forgotten never.

—*G. H. '23*

COMMERCIAL CLASS HISTORY, 1923

One bright, sunny day in the early fall some two years ago, a group of energetic, light-hearted freshmen entered our halls of learning. They were soon embarked upon their high school career. I say "embarked", because after a few months of so-called study, the majority found themselves completely at sea. However, they soon adapted themselves to the conditions in the school and quickly acquired the true M. P. H. S. spirit. Although many of the prominent "freshies" of our class fell victims to the ferocious and barbaric insolence of the ruthless seniors, they survived the cruel treatment without serious effects. But revenge was ours. We had our turn in entertaining the innocent freshmen who succeeded us.

While we were freshmen, the class, which was an unusually large one, was divided into two groups, one half being assigned to Miss Monsch in Room 205 and the other half to Mr. Calkins in Room 202. Not much of interest occurred during our first semester except the regular school activities. Occasionally we forgot our dignity and became rough and riotous and sociable during class hours.

The second semester found us a more intelligent-looking group, decided contrast to the preceding semester. For the accomplishment of this truly great feat we owe a vote of thanks to our teachers, Mr. Blomquist and Mr. Calkins, who exerted themselves unceasingly to increase our intellectual powers and to improve our behavior. We soon became quite adept in stenography and in the use of the typewriter. We took an active interest in the Empehi, establishing the "Commercial Corner." It is hoped that succeeding classes will follow our example and maintain a definite department in the school paper.

During the third semester we became greatly interested in shorthand and typewriting and worked untiringly on these subjects. Our group gave a "Kid" party for the girls who were graduated from the commercial course in February and all enjoyed themselves. The girls were dressed as children and brought dolls and other playthings with them to add to the fun. In this semester we presented most successfully a little play, "Hiring a Stenographer," written by Mr. Calkins.

During the last semester at M. P. High we worked unceasingly on the typewriter until we had acquired a practicable speed and succeeded also in making stenography come naturally to us.

We chose a class day committee consisting of Florence Heino, Ellen Schlagel, and Irma Siegert, to arrange for our part in the general class day program.

We feel that our course has been indeed a profitable one and that, if we do justice to the training received under our able instructors, we cannot fail to succeed in our chosen careers.

The Commercial Class of 1923 wishes to take this opportunity to thank

its teachers and the members of the faculty in general for the help which they have so generously given to us.

Margaret W. Alm
Florence D. Heino

Class Officers:

President ..... Florence Heino
Secretary ..... Irma Siegert
Treasurer ..... Ellen Schlagel

COMMERCIAL CLASS WILL

We, the Commercial Class of 1923, of the High School of Morgan Park in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, being of sound mind and memory and realizing the uncertainty of business life, do make and declare this to be our last will and testament as follows:

By the disappearance into the future of the class of 1922 we were bequeathed a legacy which it is our wish and desire to divide equally, share and share alike, among the students of the class of 1923, the all-seeing Miss Howe, and our sunny department head, Mr. Calkins.

To the Faculty:

To Mr. Calkins we leave the wishes for a tamer and less jolly division than he had with us, the pompous 2A's, and also hope that the quiet students in all his classes will not try to study, as we did, without books.

To Miss Howe, we do bequeath a highly sensitive device which will detect, through the sense of smell, forbidden erasures on type-written copies.

To the 2B Students:

We hereby bequeath the best text books, the locker space, and our cordial wishes for a prosperous class.

To Helen Trotter, we do bequeath the deep solemnity of Ellen Schlagel, who might some day laugh out loud in class.

To Dorothy Wemlinger, we do bequeath a few of Bernice Leonard's surplus inches.

We do appoint our teacher, Mr. Calkins, our sole executor to carry out our wishes in this, our last will and testament, as witness our hand and seal this 29th day of June, 1923.

We, the subscribers have subscribed our names on this day and year above written in the presence of the testatrices and each other.

Lillian Marquist
Irma Siegert
Esther Farmer

COMMERCIAL CLASS PROPHECY.

One summer day as I was walking through a hot street in India, looking for curios, I noticed an odd little shop with many curiously-carved old weapons and idols in the window. Thinking that I might find something unusual to take to my friends, I entered.

Upon gazing about the shop, I happened to glance at a large crystal. As I looked, the crystal changed color slowly and I saw the Commercial Class of 1923 appear one by one. Interested and amazed I stood rooted to the spot. As the crystal changed to a deep violet, I saw Berneice Leonard as a renowned artist's model. Many an artist had become famous by painting her picture on the canvas.

The crystal dimmed and then flared and I saw Ellen Schlagel standing at the corner of a crowded street, playing an accordion and begging for pennies.

Gradually the crystal changed to a vivid blue and I saw Lillian Marquist as a world-famous toe-dancer. A large spot-light played on her, and I wanted to see her finish the dance, but the crystal dimmed and changed slowly to a brilliant red. In the center of an arena was Florence Heino madly engaged in fighting a ferocious bull. In the grand-stand I noticed several members of the Spanish royalty enthusiastically applauding the champion bull-fighter. She killed the bull and smiled triumphantly up at the royal box. Then the queen tossed a mammoth bouquet of red roses into the arena.

The picture changed, and I saw Margaret Alm singing on the stage, to a large audience. As she finished her song, she was showered with flowers from her many admirers.

Now the color changed to pale yellow and there I saw Adeline Bonow garbed in a brown gymnasium outfit, teaching Hawaiians, young and old, all the American sports.

Now the color changed to a bright green and revealed to me Esther Farmer as a waitress in a Chicago restaurant. She seemed to be happy as she skilfully balanced her tray.

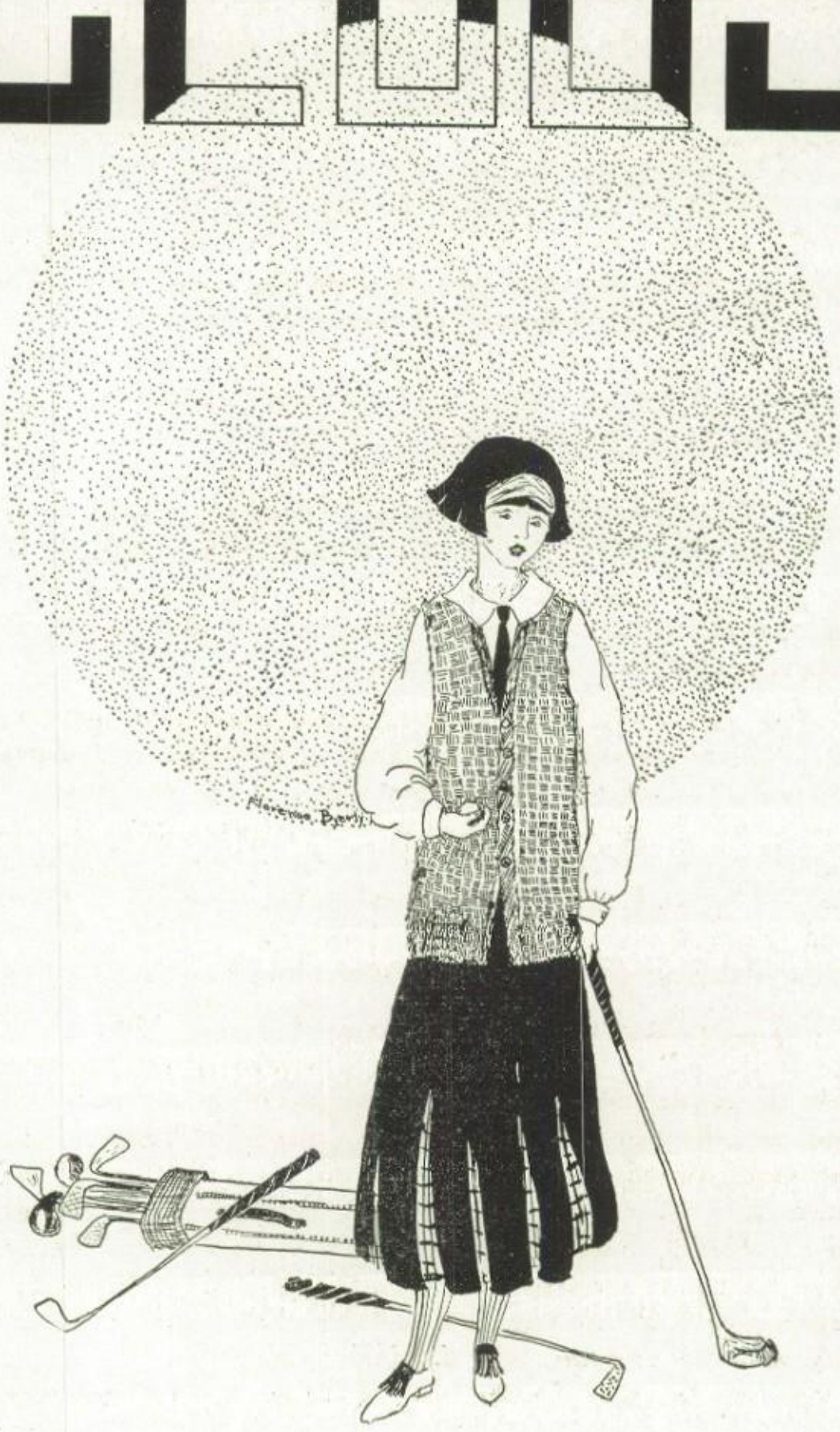
The crystal changed again to a deep rose and I saw my classmate, Irma Siegert, as the happy wife of Deacon Buckwheat. She was the successful proprietor of Pinkerville's only tea-shop.

Then the crystal turned pure white and I saw no more The wrinkled old Hindu shop-keeper came to me and I bought the magic gazing crystal which promised me many interesting hours.

Berneice Leonard

William Martinka

CLUBS



THE STUDENT ASSOCIATION

The past year has been marked by most gratifying results for the Student Association. The annual election of officers in September returned Virginia Sinclair for president, Arthur Schampel for vice-president, and Betty Cooke for secretary. Immediately afterwards, a membership drive was started and through the co-operation of the entire student body and faculty, by the end of October every pupil in the high school had joined the Student Association. Civic and social committees were appointed, the former with Richard Sanders as chairman and Miss Mackin as faculty advisor; the latter with Florence Byerly as chairman and Miss Petty as faculty advisor.

Reassured by the co-operation of every student in the school, the organization began earnest work toward improving Morgan Park High. To arouse the school spirit which had been dormant during the summer, attention was centered upon athletics. Rallies and "pep" meetings were held regularly to encourage attendance at games, and, as a most pleasing result, all athletics have been loyally supported throughout the entire year.

The social committee has done much to promote a closer bond between the various classes. A series of "social hours" was begun in September, and these parties were well attended until opera rehearsals during March and April necessitated discontinuing them. There have been more social events this year than ever before, and we feel sure that the committee has been repaid for its work by the appreciation expressed in the unusually large attendance. Each week assemblies for upper and lower classmen, alternately, were held and varied and interesting programs prepared by the different division rooms were given.

In November a clever, entertaining Good English play, written by the English classes, was presented for the benefit of the S. A. and scored a big success. Undoubtedly the most important event of the year was the opera "San Toy" presented at the Aryan Grotto Temple, April 28 under the auspices of the S. A. The pronounced success of the opera was due not only to the faithful work of the cast and chorus but especially to the efficient musical and dramatic training under Mr. Thompson and Miss Mackin, and to the artistic ability of Miss Hays and Miss Hotchkiss.

The civic committee, too, has done splendid work. Although the chief aim of the Student Association as a whole is student government, the committee took for its particular purpose "the improvement of conditions in the high school, in order that at some future time the school might be run on a basis of student government." The committee worked steadily and faithfully throughout the year. First a locker inspection covering several days was conducted in order to train the student body in habits of orderliness and tidiness. In February, the committee was reorganized on the basis of one representative from each division, thus enabling the committee to cope more successfully with the problems of individual rooms.

It is the ultimate aim of the Student Association to effect an organization

of all student activities and to carry on these activities with a minimum of faculty supervision. When this aim has been achieved, the Student Association hopes to be able to edit a bi-monthly and possibly later a weekly, and through such an agency, allied to student government, to foster such a fine school spirit, that, upon entering school, a freshman will voluntarily become a member and through an initiation ceremony and the payment of a fee will be entitled to attend all school functions. The greatest force in school life is the impetus which comes from within the student body itself. When every pupil in school is made to feel his individual responsibility—that his school is what he helps to make it, no more and no less—then we shall have reached the one solution of practically all of the problems of high-school life.

THE HI-Y CLUB

The Hi-Y Club has had rather an inactive season this year, due perhaps to a small and slightly unenterprising membership. Several of our valuable boosters graduated last June, seriously depleting our ranks and until late this spring we had been selecting our members through an advisory group and so were slow in development. Finding that our influence was not sufficiently wide-spread, we decided to dispense with this method, and the membership is now open to all boys.

We have a roll of about thirty boys at present, and a group of five men helping us. We hope to have a more active season next year. We have several extensive plans under way for the promotion of our "4 C's" endeavor (clean speech, clean scholarship, clean living, and clean athletics). We believe that we already have made our "clean scholarship" ideal felt in the school, and we hope to accomplish much more next year. At a recent meeting we have had discussions of school problems, such as "Playing Square," "Cheating in Exams," "The Value of Clean Athletics," and occasionally we have had some visiting speakers.

The annual football banquet, usually given by the Hi-Y Club with the assistance of the Alumni Association, has become an institution. This year the banquet was given on the last Thursday in December at the Morgan Park Methodist-Episcopal Church. An excellent menu prepared by the women of the church, was served by the Girl Reserves. A delightfully informal spirit pervaded the occasion, and the program was very entertaining. Coach Thistlewaite, of Northwestern University gave the main speech of the evening. Later Mr. Davenport presented the emblems to the members of the football team, and even they enjoyed themselves after they had recovered from their embarrassment.

The officers for this year were as follows:

President ..... Paul Clissold
Vice-President ..... Robert Gillespie
Secretary ..... Arthur Fremouw
Treasurer ..... Hartley Laycock

Girl Reserves

THE GIRL RESERVES

This year has been a most successful one for the Girl Reserves from the standpoints both of membership and of activity. The club has had over one hundred members each semester, and of that number very few were inactive. Because the purpose of the club is "To live not for ourselves alone, but for the whole world," it has been interested chiefly in social service work. The girls dressed dolls at Christmas for the Home for the Friendless, made scrap books for a day nursery "back of the yards", and filled Easter baskets for the ex-soldiers at Drexel Hospital and Oak Forest. It was under their auspices that $176.96 was raised for the American Legion at the beginning of the year. A milk fund was established toward the end of the semester, and from the pennies dropped into the box familiar to all, milk bills for several families will be paid.

Every Girl Reserve strives toward one goal—the winning of a Girl Reserve honor ring. These rings are special rewards to girls who have the true Girl Reserve spirit, who seem to live up to its motto, code, and purpose in their everyday lives, and who show a marked loyalty to their club. This year, rings were awarded to Clara Deadman, Sue Mechtersheimer, Ruth Roberts, Elizabeth Kendig, Margaret Hedges, Beatrice Blodgett, Rosalie Kerr, and Esther Jaynes; last year, to Helen Laycock, Lois Dangremond, and Florence Stewart.

Our club is a member of the Inter-Club Council, which has as its members the officers and committee-chairmen of each club in the city. Much of the success of this club is due to its cooperation with other clubs, made possible by the Inter-Club Council of which Helen Laycock, our president, was secretary for 1922-23.

The girls wish especially to thank their faculty advisers, Miss Condit, Miss Miller, and Miss Petty, for the keen interest they have taken in the club and for the help and the inspiration they have given.

OFFICERS.

President ..... Helen Laycock
Vice-President ..... Lois Dangremond
Secretary ..... Clara Deadman
Treasurer ..... Sue Mechtersheimer

Committee Chairmen.

Social ..... Ruth Roberts
Social Service ..... Florence Stewart
Membership ..... Eleanor Baker
Program ..... Marion Heineman

Faculty Advisers ..... Miss Condit, Miss Miller, Miss Petty

The R. O. T. C.

THE R. O. T. C.

Upon looking back over the history of the R. O. T. C., one is impressed with the record which the corps has made. At the time of its introduction into the high schools in 1919, it had its reputation to make. Surely during the four years in which the R. O. T. C. has been a part of Morgan Park High, it has accomplished much, both for itself and for the school, and the past year has brought us to the highest mark yet reached. We have a roll which, in proportion to the number of students in the school, is one of the fullest of any in the city. We have a signalling team which promises to repeat the splendid record set by last year's team.

We have, at last, a rifle range, where each member has an opportunity to practice and improve his marksmanship, and we have, for the first time, a rifle team which will compete with other schools for shooting honors. Moreover, the efficiency of the R. O. T. C. company has been utilized by the school, for a most successful system of fire drills, conducted by the company, has been instituted.

The company consists of two platoons of four squads each. The boys have been working well, and under the leadership of Lieutenant Lorentz and the cadet officers, we have developed a unit which compares favorably with that of any other school in Chicago.

In addition to the regular work, we have had a very fine program of special events. Last October, under the auspices of the R. O. T. C., Sergeant Woodfill, named by General Pershing as the greatest individual hero of the war, addressed our student body in behalf of the movement for a home for war veterans, and as a result of his stirring speech the students contributed a generous sum to the fund. On the following Armistice Day, a program was given during which the donation was presented to the representatives of the American Legion, who responded with brief speeches upon the subject discussed in Sergeant Woodfill's address. The program was concluded with the annual R. O. T. C. parade on the campus, Colonel Abells acting as reviewing officer. Colonel Sillman, R. O. T. C. inspecting officer of this district, inspected the R. O. T. C. later in the semester and gave a very favorable report. On April third, Captain Kolpke of the Illinois National Guard addressed the company upon the benefits derived from enlistment in that body, and extended an invitation to R. O. T. C. members to visit the 131st Regiment Armory. On May 19, The R. O. T. C. participated in the Annual Boys Day parade which took place down in the city

Members of the rifle team:

Captain William Hauber
Lieutenant Richard Sanders
Lieutenant Robert Gillespie
Lieutenant Robert Strong
Lieutenant George Pollock
Sergeant Norval Diamond
Sergeant Charles Daniels
Sergeant Chester Blome
Sergeant Edward Foote
Corporal Robert Heineman
Private Franklin Newport
Private George Welton

Members of the signal team:

Lieutenant Robert Strong
Lieutenant Robert Gillespie
Sergeant Richard Preston
Private Milton Becker
Private Louis Olson

Commissioned officers:

Lieutenant G. G. Lorentz, U. S. Army, Commanding Officer
Captain William Hauber, commanding company
First Lieutenant Richard Sanders, commanding first platoon
First Lieutenant Robert Gillespie, range officer
First Lieutenant Robert Strong, signal officer
First Lieutenant Robert Stitt, commanding band
Second Lieutenant Gilbert Hohman, commanding second platoon
Second Lieutenant George Pollock, adjutant

THE UKELELE CLUB

The Ukelele Club, or "Ukestra" as it is often called, is really a branch of the Girl Reserves. It has a membership of girls, who meet once a week to learn new songs, under the leadership of Miss Condit. No officers were elected because of its relationship to the Girl Reserves.

The club has given but one program so far, that for the ex-soldiers at Oak Forest, but it is expected that more programs will be given later in the year.

REPORT CARD TREMORS

Break, break, break,
My poor heart!—I fear a "D"!
I'm so sad that my tongue can't utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the ones that don't care
That they boast of their marks in the hall!
O, well for the sharks and the prudes,
And sign their own cards, or just "stall"!

And the anxious waiting goes on
Till I'm nearly dead with fright;
But oh, for the sight of a "G" or an "E",
And the word that I've passed all right!

Break, break, break,
The sad news—I have a "D"!
And for the next five weeks, alas!
There'll be no parties for me.

B. McG. '23

THE RADIO CLUB

With a screech and a howl the Radio Club tuned up for the first time last fall. The club was organized by a few energetic radio "bugs" to help the members in the solution of their radio problems and to promote interest in the subject.

Now the club is humming steadily. Meetings are held in the physics laboratory, which, because of its electrical equipment, makes an ideal club room. Problems are discussed and several of us have given reports on new hookups, apparatus, and regulations. An excellent receiving outfit of Grebe and Western Electric make has been furnished by the Board of Education. The club has "tuned in" with stations in New York City; Palm Beach. Florida; El Paso, Texas; Pittsburgh, Penn.; Fort Worth, Texas; St. Louis, Mo.; Detroit, Mich.; Louisville, Ky.; and Springfield, Mass. A transmitter will doubtless be added next year so that the club will be able to serve every one by sending and receiving radiograms for them. The attendance of the club has been good and the interest shown proves the club to be a very desirable school activity.

Mr. Hall has served as faculty adviser and we wish to thank him for his valuable assistance.

The officers are as follows:

Vaughan Hoffacker ..... President
Archie Shaver ..... Vice-President
Hartman Canon ..... Secretary
Thurber Bombaugh ..... Treasurer

THE WALKING CLUB

In June of the last year there was great trepidation in certain circles, for Miss Monsch, who for so long had so amiably and so tirelessly sponsored the Walking Club, was talking of abandoning the organization. However, the activities were resumed in the fall, with a brand new resolution to be stringently enforced, namely, that the members of the Walking Club were to *walk* in the true sense of the word.

A contest was inaugurated and prizes were offered to those who should have walked a hundred miles by June. At the time of writing, Vera Wilson is in the lead with sixty-seven miles to her credit, and Mabel Welton is a close second.

We chose Friday as official hiking-day and then proceeded to carry out an extensive program. Early in the year, with Marbeth Pervier as guide, we covered eleven miles, walking to Calumet Lake and from thence to the 78th street beach on Lake Michigan, where we had a "weenie roast." Later, led by Abel McAllister across some of the "burriest" prairies in all Cook County, we acquired considerable distance and would undoubtedly have acquired more, if we had not stopped to pick off burrs and consume sandwiches. Under the leadership of Rosalie Kerr, we enjoyed a picturesque though muddy trip to Jenkins' Woods. For sheer fun, however, the trip around the "Park", directed by George Welton, was the most enjoyable.

During the Christmas holidays we attended en masse a performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor" at the Auditorium, one of our gayest and happiest memories. On January second our big social event, the progressive dinner, took place. Large numbers of alumni were present on both occasions, feeling very reminiscent, and recalling with evident pleasure "old times."

After the holidays we embarked upon a series of trips, as interesting and instructive as they were enjoyable, such as the excursion to Sears, Roebuck & Co., chaperoned by Mrs. Pervier; to the Argo plant, where we were served with luncheon; to Hull House; and to the Garfield Park Flower Show.

The success of the club is largely due to Miss Monsch, who chaperoned the most of the trips, and whose never-failing interest and kindly advice have done so much to maintain the splendid spirit of the club. We are indeed grateful to you, Miss Monsch.

The following officers were elected last fall:

President	David Gillespie
Treasurer	Abel McAllister
Recording Secretary	Rosalie Kerr
Corresponding Secretary	Alice Wilcox
Field Secretary	Marbeth Pervier

For the second semester:

President	George Welton
Vice President	Vera Wilson

Walking Club

Debating Club

THE DEBATING CLUB

An organization meeting of the Debating Club was held on the Thursday of the first week of December and twenty-two members were enrolled. The purpose of the club is to create and promote good debaters and judicially-minded students. After a short discussion of these aims, an election of officers was held. The following were elected:

President ..... Edward Wayte
Vice President ..... Arthur Schampel
Secretary ..... David Gillespie

A Constitutional and a Program Committee were next appointed by Mr. Wayte. On the following Monday a debate was held on the question: Resolved that the proposed new Illinois Constitution should be accepted, with Mr. Hartley on the affirmative and Mr. Mack on the negative, which won the decision. On December twenty-first an interclass debate was held in the Study Hall among four members of the Debating Club, upon the following question: Resolved that the present American federal system of government is superior to the present English national system of government. The opposing sides were as follows: Mr. Blew and Mr. Rowe for the affirmative, representing the seventh period American History class; and Mr. Wayte and Mr. Gillespie for the negative, representing the eighth period English History class. Mr. Hamilton, instructor of both classes, presided. At the close of the debate the judges delivered their decision in favor of the negative.

"Resolved that the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law should be repealed" was the subject of the two-period debate held in Room 103 on February twenty-sixth. Supporting the affirmative were Robert Blew, Richard Preston, and Robert Henderson; upholding the negative were Walter Mack, Ray Hartley, and Edward Wayte. Three ten-minute main speeches were made on each side, followed by three four-minute rebuttals. The judges, Miss Brown, Miss Miller, and Mr. Hamilton, rendered their decision in favor of the negative.

An important meeting was held on March thirteenth. The new Constitution and By-Laws were read by Mr. Mack, chairman of the constitutional committee, and were accepted by unanimous vote. Future activities were discussed and committees appointed to make the necessary plans and arrange the programs.

On the meeting of March twenty-seventh the resignation of the vice president-elect was read, and at the new election Walter Mack was chosen to succeed him.

The Debating Club is greatly indebted to Miss Peterson and to Mr. Hamilton, who took a deep interest in the club's activities, and gave it their willing support as faculty advisers throughout the second semester.

THE SCIENCE CLUB

Last fall the Bird Club was organized and renamed "The Science Club". The membership grew to nearly fifty, and meetings were held every Tuesday. We launched the season with a picnic in Hope Woods. At this little affair the Walking Club might have seen fit to elevate its collective nose in disgust, but we, as beginners, considered it a grand success. A little later in October we had a characteristically riotous good time at Mary Backmyer's, where we initiated a few unfortunates. Next we visited the Stock Show, where John Dinsmore's father introduced us to the man who imported the Grand Champion Percheron. He conducted us through the horse exhibit and after a picnic supper we saw the horse show in the evening. We had had no idea of how thrilling it could be to see hundreds of prize cattle parade around the arena to the inspiring music of the Highland Pipers, who proceded them.

Our next excursion took us to the Lincoln Park Museum of Natural History, where we were admitted to the Atwood Globe, which we found delightfully mysterious. As we sat in complete darkness, on little kindergarten chairs, the globe over our heads moved slowly and the different stars and constellations of the changing seasons were pointed out to us. We entered a rather divergent channel in our trip to the Argo factories. There we saw the process of making starch, sugar, and oil and were served a complimentary luncheon, complete in all details. Having apparently cultivated an interest in food, we made a trip to Schultz's Bakery, where we learned everything connected with the science and art of bread-making.

Of course, the event of the year was the trip to the dunes. The weather man tried to frighten us, but imperturbed, we turned out in knickers and hiking costumes and had a good time.

At our Tuesday meetings we have had programs, usually consisting of reports or illustrated lectures on subjects of compelling interest. Dorothy Bateman, having recently been abroad, showed us pictures of Holland and England; Isabelle Weed spoke, with the aid of illustrations, on rare fish and their peculiarities; Wayne Carver, our local bird specialist, talked on winter birds and ways of attracting and feeding them, which inspired Bob Woodward and Deane Myers to tie suet on the trees outside the window so that we might watch the creepers and chickadees come; Mr. Hall, our learned instructor of physics and chemistry, spoke to us on practical chemistry and its application; and by way of variety, we have had Margaret Magill to dance, Eldred Green to demonstrate first aid, and Isabella Hogenhuis to whistle for us.

We wish to thank Miss Babcock for the amount of time and energy and the hours out of school that she has spent on the club, and for the inspiration and enjoyment that her companionship has given us. We heartily wish her the best of good times on her sojourn in Europe.

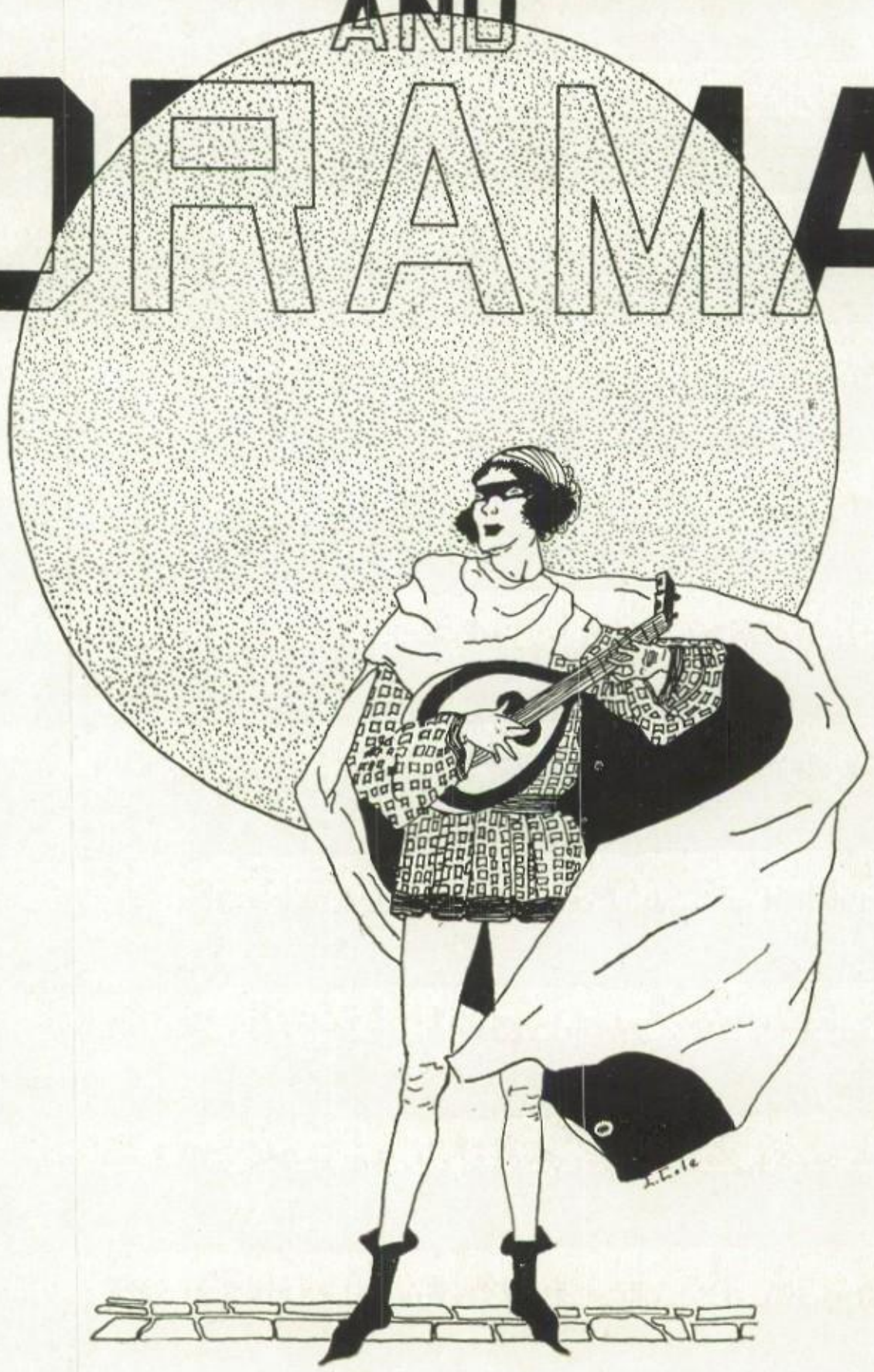
The following officers engineered this successful year for us:

President ..... Richard Nelson
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Gerald Primm
Chairman Membership Committee.. Hartman Canon
Chairman Program Committee ... Dorothy Bateman
Faculty Advisor ..... Miss Babcock

A Flapper's Twenty-Third Psalm.

Miss Arthur is my teacher,
I shall not pass.
She maketh me to translate hard sentences,
And exposeth my ignorance
Before the whole class.
Yea, though I study till midnight
I gain no knowledge of Latin.
She prepareth a test before mine eyes;
D's and F minuses shall be mine in abundance,
And I shall dwell in her class forever.

MUSIC AND DRAMA



San Toy Company

SAN TOY
A REMARKABLE SCHOOL OPERA

Morgan Park came down to Chicago to spend an evening recently. April 28, the special attraction being a perfomance of "San Toy" by the Morgan Park High School students and the occasion so notable that even so august a corporation as the Rock Island Railroad, considered it worth while to run special trains both ways.

Aryan Grotto Theatre was filled to the very last place and if anybody was left at home in Morgan Park it was merely the policemen and the railroad agents.

"San Toy" is a charming little piece—inconsequential as thistle down and quite as fluffy—but full of delicate shades and color as to music and charming to the last degree in characterization, costuming and dancing.

You would not need to know what it was all about in order to thoroughly enjoy it, especially if you ever happen to have the chance to see it done by so talented, graceful, and charming a company as that of last Saturday evening.

It was given by the Morgan Park High School, as already stated, under the skillful and thoroughly artistic baton of the director of music in the high schools, Mr. J. C. Thompson, and was managed and presented by the Glee Club and Orchestra of the school, under the auspices of the Students' Association. We read further, in the program notes:

"This is an organization composed of pupils of the Morgan Park High School. The Association is, in a very real sense, the student body in action, functioning with a minimum of faculty control. 'San Toy' is a concrete example of a student activity as fostered by the Association. While a number of members of the faculty have assisted in this production, namely: Miss Mackin, the rehearsing of the dialogue; Miss Hays, the costumes; Miss Hotchkiss, the advertising posters; Mr. Olsen, the properties; Mr. Thompson, the music; all the pupils have really been co-workers with them. Special acknowledgement is due the following students: Louise Crew, planned and rehearsed all the dances; Evelyn Lange, the pianist, gave invaluable assistance at all rehearsals, acting as musical director when the occasion demanded; Rosa Marting, the pianist, gave freely of her service; Lois Dangremond the first violinist, drilled the string section of the orchestra; Robert Blew and Mark Hallet are assisting the regular stage electrician and the spot-light operator of the theatre."

The cast was made up as follows:

Dentist ..... Virginia Sinclair
Fortune Teller ..... Mary Backmyer
Rice Seller ..... Patricia Hemingway
Barber ..... Martha Rathje
Li ..... Stuart Sinclair

Jewelers of Pynka:

Wai Ho ..... Dailey Stewart
Hu Pi ..... George Dujardin

Wives:

Hu Yu ..... Elsie O'Brien
Siou ..... Eva Graham
Dudley (Poppy's Maid) ..... Ruth Roberts
Sir Bingo Preston ..... Robert Heineman
Poppy (Daughter of Sir Bingo) ..... Ruth Crapser
Lieut. Tucker ..... John Morgan
Yen How (A Mandarin) ..... Richard Sanders
Fo Hop (A Chinese Student) ..... Edward Wiatt
San Toy ..... Beulah Alexander
Captain Bobbie Preston (Son of Sir Bingo) ..... Amador Hoffman
Yung Shi ..... Helen Lee
Emperor ..... Wilbur McClellan
Sing Hi (Master of Ceremonies) ..... Paul Clissold
Li Hi (Guard) ..... Richard Preston
Li Ho (Guard) ..... Stanley McCaw
Ko Fan ..... Mary Warthen
Trixie (Solo Dancer) ..... Louise Crew

Other personnels were as follows:

Chorus

Louise Beardsley
Ione Cole
Dorothy Downey
Margaret Eagle
Janice Gray
Elizabeth Goss
Mabel Heil
Marion Heineman
Patricia Hellweg
Esther Hutchinson
Esther Jaynes
Elizabeth Kendig
Lois LeBosquet
Katherine Lee Bates
Bernice Leonard
Jessie Libby
Rosa Marting
Jean Morningstar
Marion Morrison
Martha Schueler
Elizabeth Thomason
Hazel Thompson
Ruth Wells
Joseph Alexander
Clifford Anderson
Norval Diamond
Walter Dunnett
Harold Edwards
Charles Farwell
Robert Henderson
Robert Gillespie
Gilbert Hohman
Alymer Hussey
Henry Kline
Robert Morrison
Leslie Perkins
Francis Roche
Paul Sengstock

Franklin Wagner

Six Little Wives

Katherine Bools
Barbara Gooch
Helen Heino
Ruth Krone
Gretchen Reimer
Lenore Snow

Emperor's Own

Miriam Brough
Frances Donlan
Patricia Hackett
Frances Howland
Rosalie Kerr
Marbeth Pervier
Isabel Slocum
Vera Wilson

English Visitors

Clara Deadman
Eleanor Mickelberry
Virginia Smith
Annette Baldwin

Dancers

Virginia Hovey
Margaret Magill

Orchestra

Evelyn Lange, Pianist

Chester Blome
Philip Crane
Florence Dangremond
Lois Dangremond
Charles Daniels
Ralph Dunham
David Fairfield
Edward Foote
Arthur Fremouw
Frances Hill
Reinhard Kaufman
Alice Lehman
Everett Shissler
Robert Stitt
Jeannette Walker

To speak of the opera as a concerted affair is easier and also it is much more to the point than to dwell at any great length upon the merits of the individuals of the cast although we must at least, particularly commend several of them.

Beyond any question the most talented young person on the stage was Stuart Sinclair, who played the part of Li and did it wonderfully well, showing acting ability, alertness of action, excellent sense of characterizations, much variety of detail and a sense of humor that was uncanny.

He cannot sing to amount to anything, but what comic opera comedian on earth can?

He, however, is always on the key, always refined in his work both vocally and histrionically and in the latter field especially is so extraordinary that there is no question but that he can become a successful professional should he wish to do so.

Second best is Beulah Alexander, who was the San Toy of the cast and who is one of the most charming girls ever noted in any such production and, like Mr. Sinclair, fully competent to advance to professionalism should she so elect.

She is very pretty and extraordinarily graceful, all her actions are marked not only by intelligence but also by great refinement and her singing, while not mature by any means, is thoroughly agreeable and her present attainments (under the tutelage of Alma Hays Reed) point unmistakably to greater flights she will make in the future.

Ruth Crapser as Poppy, was vivacious and showed acting talent. Ruth Roberts as the Maid, proved unmistakably that she is a first-class commedienne and the long list throughout showed so much of talent and such splendid attainments that it would be easy to detail excellencies in every one of them and each, in turn, must be considered as being very talented and having prepared his or her part in "San Toy" with effective care, the vocal work throughout also being of refined and telling character.

The Six Little Wives were adorable and the dancing was at once skillful and colorful.

The costumes were of bewildering contrast and beauty and the action throughout would have done credit to any professional performance.

Mr. Thompson was admirable in his handling of the whole music situation, the pianist especially and the orchestra in detail did wonderfully potent work and all the stage assistants of every kind came into line for extensive and emphatic approval.

A school which can train its students to such excellence of public performance is indeed one to be commended.

From "The Music News"

THE BAND

City Champions! The M. P. H. S. band is now the champion R. O T. C. band of the city of Chicago.

On Friday, May twenty-fifth, we established our claim to the city championship by defeating all the other high school bands of Chicago. There were three classes of bands: Class A (our class) with less than thirty-five men; Class B including bands of thirty-six to sixty; and Class C of bands over sixty-one.

At first every band had to play before the judges and march around the enclosure. No hints were given as to the outcome, but after a while Morgan Park, Englewood, and Lane had to play again. When this was done, the judges had finished making their decision, and the bands were marched into a formation. Morgan Park, Englewood, and Lane marched abreast down the center facing the reviewing stand. The other bands flanked them, facing the center "aisle" Then, finally, the decision was to be announced. A man arose, and after speaking for a few minutes upon the contest as a whole, announced that we had won the Class A championship, Englewood the class B, and that Lane had carried off the honors in class C. We began to be encouraged. At last he announced that Morgan Park had won the city championship. Lane got second place and Crane third. We weren't especially interested in the others, but we proceeded to make as much noise as we could over our own victory.

SAN
TOY

SCHUBERT WEEK

As music had never been given enough prominence in the activities of the Chicago High Schools, the High School Music Teachers' Association decided to devote one week each year to the celebration of some famous composer. Franz Schubert was the composer chosen for study this year, for the week beginning May thirteenth. At the Great Northern Theatre two memorial programs were presented on Sunday, May twentieth, and Sunday, May twenty-seventh respectively. These programs were given by students of the various high schools of Chicago. Morgan Park was represented in the program of May twentieth by Beulah Alexander who sang "The Almighty" by Schubert.

Through some happy chain of circumstances the leading man, Mr. Bertram Peacock and four of his company from "Blossom Time," a play based on the life and compositions of Franz Schubert, now being presented in Chicago, visited the Chicago High Schools during "Schubert Week," and Tuesday, May fifteenth they came to Morgan Park High. Mr. Peacock gave us a most interesting account of the life and work of Franz Schubert. The members of the company sang Schubert's "Serenade," followed by "The Song of Love" from "Blossom Time," in the chorus of which the whole student assembly, lead by Mr. Peacock, joined.

We are grateful to the genial members of "Blossom Time," who furnished us one of the most delightful assemblies of the entire school year.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club is the largest musical organization in the school. This year the membership exceeds that of former years, since there are at the present time thirty-six chosen voices in the club. This year the girls have been very faithful in attending the meetings, which have been held regularly every Wednesday afternoon. The members owe a great deal to their pianist, Rosa Marting, with whose aid they furnished entertainment on several occasions. They sang at the Englewood Evening School in November, they went caroling at Christmas time; they sang in Fullerton Hall at the Art Institute in February; and they also sang with the Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs of the South Side High Schools at the Memorial Services on Washington's Birthday, which took place at the Auditorium.

Members of the Girls' Glee Club

Beulah Alexander
Ione Cole
Ruth Crapser
Louise Crew
Clara Deadman
Dorothy Downey
Lois Le Bosquet
Bernice Leonard
Patricia Hemingway
Esther Jaynes
Elsie O'Brien
Martha Rathje
Lenora Snow

Janice Gray
Marion Heineman
Patricia Hellweg
Ruth Wells
Louise Beardsley
Florence Dangremond
Elizabeth Goss
Virginia Sinclair
Mary Backmyer
Lois Dangremond
Eva Graham
Elizabeth Thomason
Mary Warthen
Esther Hutchinson
Elizabeth Kendig
Evelyn Lange
Helen Lee
Ruth Roberts
Jessie Libby
Jean Morningstar
Marion Morrison
Martha Schueler
Hazel Thompson

THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

While the Boys' Glee Club is one of the most recent of our school organizations, nevertheless, it is one of the most interesting and successful. In former years there has always been a group of boys in Morgan Park who could qualify for singing parts in the opera, but this year the boys are to be congratulated on the fact that so many splendid voices were developed that is was necessary to organize a glee club. The club now consists of twenty-two members and is very fortunate in having Joe Alexander as its pianist. On Washington's Birthday, under the able directorship of Mr. Thompson, the club, in conjunction with the Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs of the other South Side high schools, sang at the Memorial Day exercises held at the Auditorium Theater. They also entertained with a group of pleasing songs at the January Commencement exercises and at assemblies we have often enjoyed their singing.

Members of the Boys' Glee Club

Joe Alexander
Clifford Anderson
George Dujardin
Harold Edwards
Robert Heineman

Paul Clissold
Norval Diamond
Walter Dunnett
Charles Farwell
David Gillespie
Robert Gillespie
Gilbert Hohmann

Tenors:

Henry Kline
Stuart Sinclair
Dailey Stewart
Arthur Fremouw
Alymer Hussey

Basses:

Stanley McCaw
Wilbur McClellan
Robert Morrison
Leslie Perkins
Richard Sanders
Paul Sengstock

THE ORCHESTRA

Morgan Park High is indeed proud of its orchestra. Although the orchestra does brilliant work, it receives but little glory, because it usually serves only as a background for the glee clubs and the opera and very seldom comes into the limelight. Besides the regular orchestra, there is also a elementary orchestra consisting of members who are in training to qualify for positions in the regular orchestra when vacancies occur. The success of the orchestra is due not only to the faithful work of its members but especially to its fine training under Mr. Thompson. Much credit is also due to its accomplished pianist, Miss Evelyn Lange. The orchestra, consisting of eighteen pieces, has furnished delightful music for many assemblies, for the Commencement exercises in January, and later for the Ridge Woman's Club at the Ridge Field House.

The repertoire of the orchestra consists of the following numbers: "Festival March" by Mendelssohn; selections from "The Bohemian Girl;" "The Zenda Waltzes;" and the "Bim-Bims" by Adam.

MEMBERS OF THE ORCHESTRA

Evelyn Lange, Pianist

Violin:
- Joe Alexander
- Katherine Lee Bates
- Lois Dangremond
- Margaret Eagle
- Reinhard Kaufman

Saxophone:
- Charles Daniels

Cornet:
- Chester Blome
- Edward Foote
- Everett Shissler

Alice Lehmann
Jeanette Walker
Edward Wiatt

Cello:
Florence Dangremond

Bass Viol:
Ralph Dunham

Clarinet:
Norval Diamond
Arthur Fremouw
Frederic Heineman

Trombone:
Amador Hoffman
Robert Stitt

Horn:
Philip Crane

Drums:
David Fairfield
Stanley McCaw
Wilbur Mc Clellan

THE BAND

The high school band forms part of the school military organization of which all the players are members. This harmonious group of thirty-eight pieces is skilfully led by our impressive drum major, Stuart Sinclair. The band has spent a busy winter preparing for its third annual concert, which is usually given at the Morgan Park Methodist Church in June, and for various other affairs, such as the Boys' Day Parade, the Memorial Day exercises, Field Day, and for the Government Inspection

The repertoire of the band consists of the following selections:

"The Show Boy," by Huff; "Welcome Home" by Rosenkrans; "Billboard" by Klohr; "American Legion" by Buglione; "Officer of the Day" by Hall; "Lone Star Overture" by Hazel; and "The Irish Artist" by Vernon.

Members of the Band

Cornet:
Robert Blew
Chester Blome
Hartman Canon
Walter Christensen
Glen Kiskaddon
Robert McClure
Gerald Primm
Paul Patterson
Francis Roche
Everett Shissler

Clarinet:
Joe Alexander
Norval Diamond
Arthur Fremouw
Fred Heineman
Merritt Kephart
John Morgan

Edward Nieburger

Horn:
Philip Crane
George Dujardin

Roy Gilbert

Robert Stitt

Trombone:
Harold Edwards
Baritone:
Tuba:
Ralph Dunham
Saxophone:
Charles Daniels
John Douglas
Drums:
George Bruesch
Richard Comstock

Amador Hoffman
William Kephart
Walter Dunnett
Fred Roche
Jack Scott
Stanley McCaw
Wilbur McClellan

Junior Orchestra

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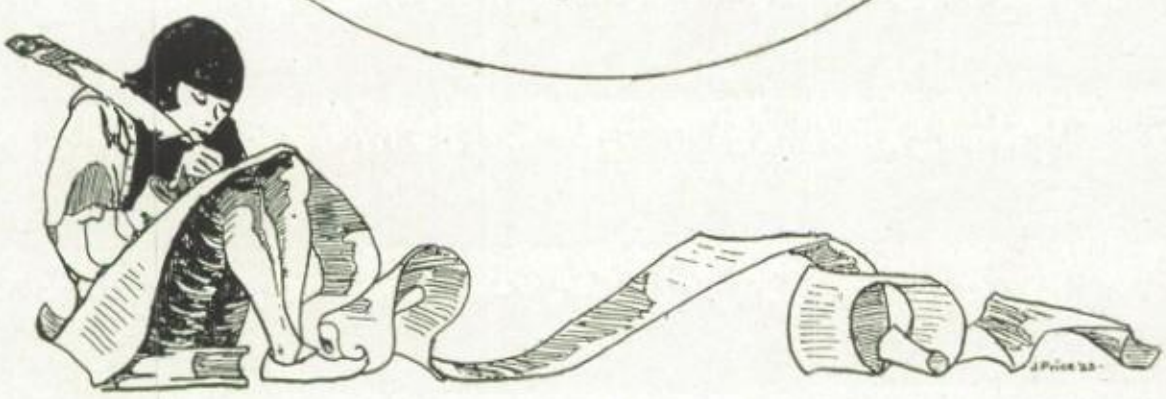

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THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

The sternest, most uncompromising and most disturbing aspect of this experience we call life is its extreme liability to change. We become accustomed to certain circumstances, we grow to rely upon them, to love them, and usually without warning, they are changed.

We become accustomed to walking by the door of Room 104, glancing in, and seeing the top of some iron-gray curls, and an expansive, corrugated brow. We grow used to being stopped and asked, by a man with a wicked twinkle in his eye, how it happened that we, with our intelligence and ability, were late to school this morning. All this has become an established part of our routine, when suddenly we find Room 104 deprived of all its traditions and a new tenant installed therein. It brings tears, and a catchy feeling in the throat. Hereafter, when we would get some interesting lights on the history of Man, and the trend of Civilization, we must trot through long, drafty corridors to a decrepit shed, where the windows rattle under the strain of a mighty voice.

Thus changes are forced upon us and for some reason a great many of us resent them. We (some of us) hear with alarm the threat of a "nice new building" and reflect with dismay that this will mean a vast change, under which conditions that we have grown fond of will be relegated to a dim and forgotten past. No longer shall one imperil his life to see a basket-ball game in a gymnasium where the ball hits the ceiling every time it is shot at the basket; no longer shall we have a group of "shacks" clustered about the building like a hen and chickens, as was a bright freshie's simile; in fact, no longer shall we be surrounded by any of our present primitive conditions.

During our high school careers we have sometimes looked forward to graduation impatiently. Often we have been unappreciative, have felt that we were being abused, wished that the school would burn down or the teachers be kidnapped. Now, however, that our graduation is imminent, we feel nothing but regret for the happiness that is behind us and gratitude that it has been afforded us. We regard our graduation with positive horror. We seem to fear, not alone the new responsibility and the attendant strain on our unaccustomed resources, but the change. We are creatures of habit, and we cling tenaciously, with a ferocious affection to that with which we are familiar, and the prospect of a change terrifies us. No doubt we realize that an uncharted sea lies before us. Perhaps those of us with most precious cargoes will founder in the first squall we encounter, while others will survive undeservedly. In the end a just compensation will arrive, but how many of us shall have had strength to outlast its coming?

But whatever trials we contemplate and however the sudden and decisive change that is before us may sadden our souls, let us remember these words of Thackeray's: "Our great thoughts, our great affections, the truths of our life, never leave us. Surely they cannot separate from our consciousness, shall follow it whithersoever that it shall go, and are of their nature, divine and immortal."

TO THE CLASS OF '23

"The play is done—the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
A moment yet the actor stops;
And looks around, to say farewell."

The Seniors are leaving us, the class of '23! In a few more days they will be gone, but the standards they have set, the things they have achieved for our school will be everlasting.

As Sophomores they vividly impressed us with their might (painfully 'tis true!) but in the last years, as Juniors and Seniors they showed us something greater than this,—the might of right. It is their standards in the schoolroom and on the field which are carrying them into a new sphere with flying colors!

"Good luck," we say; but as we review the successful results of their efforts at Morgan Park, in social and civic organization, in sports, in the operas, in scholarly attainments, and in the general spirit of readiness and sincerity, we are sure that it is not "luck" but native fineness of character that has brought them success in the past and will bring them victory in the future in whatever they undertake.

So now, as the play draws to a close, the Juniors stand and urge the players on to the still higher achievements before them, with a single spur, "Well done!" We repeat it, Class of '23, "Well done!"

JUNIORS, FAREWELL!

Farewell, Class of '24! How short the time, in spite of the many events which have filled our school lives, how brief the space since first we became acquainted with you! It is hail and farewell. We hailed you amid the triumphant howls of future Seniors watching future Juniors roll pencils by a certain very laborious method; and now we bid you farewell with the certainty that '24 will be more than capable of filling the place we leave to them.

With what lofty scorn we seemed to regard you, and although professing to be so infinitely superior to you, how we have really admired you! You have made us respect you, for we could not do other than recognize the talent and ability of the class of '24. Always with the traditional, slightly patronizing attitude which every upper classman feels must be assumed toward those of lesser attainment, we have watched your part in bringing honor and prestige to Morgan Park High; with unspoken but ever-increasing and sincere pride, have we been witnesses of your achievements.

And so, although we have stoutly maintained our attitude of patronising but indulgent "big brother" to you, we now make open confession of the true comradeship we have felt for you so long. It is indeed a privilege to us to be able to say, "These are our friends."

Goodbye and good luck to you, Class of '24!

AS JUNE DRAWS NEAR

A mixture of feelings, partly sad, partly glad, and partly indefinable takes possession of the boy or girl when the realization comes that he has reached the last semester of his high school course. The freshmen, sophomores and juniors look with awe and envy upon these (as they believe) privileged beings, who are about to leave the school where they have spent four long years. But only those who have passed through the same experience can understand just how a senior feels. Perhaps, to the little freshman, four years seems an eternity; but to the senior, looking back upon his years in high school, the time has gone all too soon. To be sure, there is the feeling of satisfaction which comes when one knows he has completed that which he set out to do, and at last is to receive his reward, in the shape of a diploma. But with this feeling of well-being, comes one of regret at leaving the familiar, and, in spite of any opinion to the contrary, beloved seat of learning. The thought that no more will one walk down the corridors, arm-in-arm with one's best friend, and sit in the old class rooms with familiar faces all about one, brings a feeling of sadness mingled with fear. Why there should be any feeling of fear is a little hard to explain; but instinctively one feels that upon leaving high school one is thought able to take care of one's self and is thrown, more or less, upon his own resources. What will life in the world bring each one of us? After all, the high school years are the most care-free and most joyous years of our lives.

Gertrude Hodson

SENIOR COMMITTEES

Class Night
- Miriam Brough
- Marion Murray
- Edward Wayte
- Gilbert Hohman
- Adele Binney
- Stuart Sinclair

Class Prophecy
- Marion Murray
- Adele Binney
- Robert Blew
- Gilbert Hohman

Class History
- Jessica Price
- Alice Courtney
- Stuart Sinclair

Class Will
- Dorothy Bateman
- Florence Byerly
- Robert Stitt
- Richard Preston

Senior Biographies
- Alice Courtney
- Marion Heineman
- Marvel Steven
- Mark Hallett
- Robert Strong

Class Poem
- Elizabeth Kendig
- Robert Henderson
- Miriam Brough

Class Song
- Evelyn Lange
- Mary Backmyer
- Edward Wayte

Questionnaires
- Florence Byerly
- Jessica Price

"Arma virumque cano"; thus sang the renowned Virgil. He
Sang of a race that is gone and of deeds we fain would belittle.
Glories, as he extolled, meant all that success betokened in
His time. But as the ages have passed from then until now, we have
Come to strive for, and gain, success in more peaceful pursuits, such as:
Getting of marks, the securing of emblems 'midst yells of admirers.
Quiet contentment in work done well under stress, or the holding
Fast to an honored name, doing right in the face of sneers, putting
Faith in the place of fears, causing happiness; that is success now.

Students of Empehi! May you always hold fast to this standard set
Here! Will you ever remember success has its root in your will and its
Bloom in your actions. Think big and your deeds will grow large. Think small and you'll
Fall behind. It is said, and with truth, that life's battles don't always
Go to the stronger or faster man. Sooner or later the man who
Wins is the fellow who thinks he can do so. It's all in your will, my friends.

S

Empehi Staff

4 B Group

TheGraduating Class

Commercial Graduating Class

3A Group

3B Group

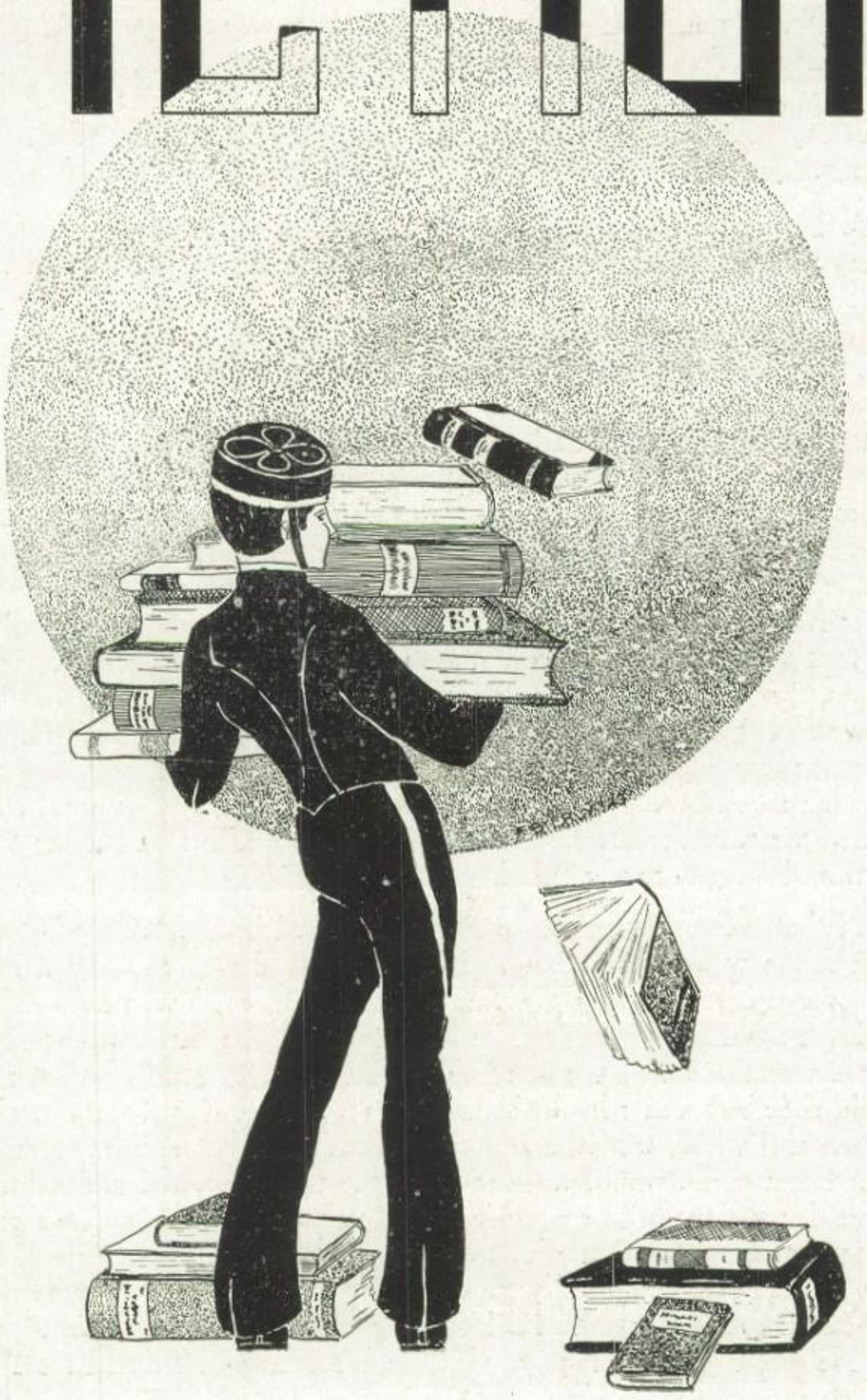
2A Group

1A Group

1B Group

1B Group

FICTION



APRIL SHOWERS AND MAY FLOWERS

By Marion Murray

Edward Theodore Kinsley, Junior, so named twelve years ago, but nicknamed "Bud" two years later, was looking with exultant joy out of his bedroom at five-thirty in the morning. And what a scene he witnessed! It was raining, a soft spring rain, a steady, pattering rain, a flower-bringing rain, an April rain. Therefore Bud rejoiced within his heart. Wherefore? Well, it *was* an unnatural phenomenon. A sturdy twelve-year-old going on thirteen, usually does not welcome an April shower; but here was Bud doing just that, and he was not an infant prodigy,—far from it in fact. The cause of it all lay sound asleep two blocks away. Its name was Patricia Ellen Stevenson. Just so.

To begin, Bud was in love! And love at the tender age of twelve is a very serious matter. Besides, Bud lived in the small town of Falton, which still carried on an annual May-day rite. On the first day of the month the romantically inclined, young and old, rich and poor, hung May-baskets consisting of prettily decorated boxes or baskets filled with flowers and sweetmeats on the doors of their adored ones; and when the bell was rung, the recipients would dash out after the givers, and catch them if possible. The penalty of being caught was one kiss, and when hearts were young and faces were handsome—basket-hangers were caught frequently—for obvious reasons. Now Bud had a burning desire to hang a May-basket on Patricia Ellen's door, and how he wanted that May-basket to outshine all other May-baskets! On the outskirts of Falton was a grove filled in the spring with violets—blue, yellow, dog-toothed—ragged-robin, shooting stars, anemones, spring beauties, crab apple blossoms, and hawthorn blooms. From the flowers of this grove a large majority of the May-baskets were filled, and if the season was late—well, May-baskets were scarce. But with every April shower one received increased promise of abundant May flowers. So Bud welcomed the rain, for the flowers would bloom, and his basket for Patricia Ellen would be generously filled.

All that week, the second in April, it rained intermittently; but all the next week the weather was hot and dry, and Bud was cast down into the depths of despair. During the fourth, oh, wonder of wonders,—the rain came down again in torrents. The buds swelled, the flowers peeped forth, the grove was filled with a riot of color and beauty. Bud's basket reposed in an old shoe-box under his bed. It was a glorified Easter basket, all pink and green and white, trimmed and retrimmed. His sister, usually an awful nuisance because she would tease so, for once was interested and helped him with the decorations. The last day of April was a day such as only an April day can be if it wishes. The air was filled with the fragrance of spring, and the ground was delightfully spongy. Bud, wandering slowly home from school, felt a contented peace fill his heart and he whistled a soft April-like tune. He was supremely happy. Half a block away he could see Patricia

Ellen's curly head and he swelled with pride to think that he had sense enough to know just how lovely she was, and that he had arranged with Jack, his best friend, to trade his former girl, Gladys, for Patricia Ellen, before May-day. Patricia Ellen was like the spring, he thought,—sweet, small, and shy. Gladys was not,—she would just as soon slap you if you displeased her. Bud couldn't imagine Patricia Ellen's slapping anyone. She just wouldn't. From all this relightful reverie Bud's mother called him to run an errand. He didn't object, but went joyfully, for the magic of spring and Patricia Ellen had entered his heart.

That night he went to bed with an earnest plea to the heavenly powers that the morrow might be fair—a perfect May-day. The next morning Bud sprang up excitedly. It was a lovely morning. Through the window he heard the meadow-lark's clear call, its mate's answer; the cardinal's joyous song "Spring is here! Spring is here!" was thrown to the warm south winds to be carried far away. Bud anxiously scanned the sky for any last faint trace of April. Then he drew a breath of relief. Far and wide the blue sky stretched unshadowed by an April cloud. But away to the west—too far for Bud's eyes to see—there rested a small, dark spot, April's farewell gift. However, Bud had not seen it and so he went on his way rejoicing.

Immediately after school he hurried home, snatched a basket from the hook, and tore out to the grove. He was one of the first arrivals, and selecting a choice spot, he commenced picking flowers. He selected them carefully, for these were for Patricia Ellen's basket, and she was his queen of May. He filled his basket and then went home and reinforced it with a few select blooms from his mother's garden. In the house, way back in his closet, he had hidden the candy for Patricia Ellen's basket. This candy had been bought with the greatest of care. There were hard suckers which turned one color after another as each consecutive layer was sucked off. There were chocolates of unusual size, butterscotch, and watermelon slices, all Bud's favorite kinds; and in the two weeks in which he had kept these hidden, he had touched only one—and that, thought he, was a small matter. He had merely sucked one layer off an all-day-sucker, making it red instead of the original black.

And now May-day was here, May-day-eve was coming on. The little dark cloud had grown to a big dark cloud, for April had given May a changeable gift; but Bud in his excitement did not notice it. After his usual supper, quickly eaten, he sped to his room and arranged his basket. In a tiny box lay all the candy in even rows. Then all around were piled the flowers. Bud was proud of this May-basket. Soon darkness fell and he heard a familiar whistle, three short notes and one long one, and he joined Jack, who was laden with a basket for Gladys.

"In the spring a young man's fancy. . . . " .

As Bud left his father called—"Don't stay out too late, son, a storm is coming up." Bud's answed, "All right dad!" was thrown over his shoulder,

The two boys walked carefully, speaking in low tones, and all over the town other boys walked carefully, speaking in low tones. As Gladys' home was the nearer, Bud watched until Jack had hung his basket, rung the bell, and hidden behind a lilac bush, before he himself went on toward Patricia Ellen's home. He heard a faint rumble of thunder and walked faster. He cautiously approached Patricia Ellen's home. He tiptoed to the door, hung the basket on the knob, rang the bell, called out—"A May-basket for Patricia Ellen" and then hid behind the nearest rose-bush. Patricia Ellen came to the door, and looking all around, caught a glimpse of white blouse, and came toward Bud. He jumped up and ran, with Patricia Ellen close at his heels. He could have run faster, but then he was a boy and Patricia Ellen was a girl, and a boy ought to be careful of a girl. Down the street they sped, across an alley, through the Main Street, around the town pump, and toward the railroad station. Meanwhile the rain began to fall faster and faster every minute. As Bud neared the tracks, he stumbled and Patricia Ellen grabbed him, crying joyously, "I caught you!" By this time the rain was coming down heavily and both were getting wet.

"Come on, Pat," said Bud, "let's wait here by the grain elevator until the rain stops some."

They walked up the steps and sat down on a little platform where they could see the red light of the next station away down the railroad tracks. The rain fell faster and faster, but any minute Bud expected it to stop after the manner of left-over April showers. Patricia Ellen, however, grew tired of sitting still, and got up to look around. She wandered over to the little door leading into the grain elevator, and tried to peer into the dark interior. She tried to see how far down the tracks she could count telephone poles. She walked as near to the grain chute leading into a box-car as she felt safety would allow. Bud protested, fearing that she might fall down into it, but Patricia Ellen had her own ideas on the subject. However, Bud's fears were realized, Patricia Ellen stepped one step too close and plunged down the chute, landing with a thud on the floor of the car below.

"Oh, Bud!" she cried, "help me quick!"

She was gone too soon for any aid and Bud was frantic. "I'm just awful f-f-raid, Bud," came up falteringly with a suppressed sob from the box-car.

"I'm coming down to take care of you, Pat," called back Bud in a somewhat trembling voice; and down he came, landing in a little heap beside Patricia Ellen who was trying bravely to choke back the sobs.

"Aw, never mind, Patricia Ellen," Bud comforted, "I-I'm going to take care of you." He took her hand and held it tightly in his, and carefully gave her his "hanky" to wipe away her tears.

"As soon as you don't mind sitting alone, I'll look around and see how to get out," suggested Bud.

"All right, but can't I go with you?" tremblingly asked Patricia Ellen.

Bud swelled with the righteous pride of the protector, and then, groping about in the darkness, he at last found that one side of the car had small blocks of wood by which one might climb over. He climbed up and cautiously helped Patricia Ellen who followed in fear, and finally they were able to climb out and down on the other side. Half an hour later, after escorting Patricia Ellen home, and with her final words ringing in his ears—"Bud, I think you're the bravest, most wonderful boy I know, and I like you just awfully much"—Bud started to whistle a song, an April-like song with a May-day note in it. He was wet and dirty and tired, but he didn't know it, because he was happy, for spring and Patricia Ellen had entered into his heart.

SPRING FEVER

Now when it comes to writing verse,
  I'm sure you'll all agree,
That the most brilliant of all poets,
  Is none other than just *me*.

Ah, I write of mystic mountains,
  Purple prairies, shimmering sea;
I write of wild and weeping lovers,
  Lank and lean, on bended knee.

I write, I write forever. . . .
  Ode, epic, lyric, ballad;
And e'en I write a tragedy
  Whose theme is lobster salad.

I write of fairy princes,
  And of villas on the Nile;
I write of Cleopatra and her
  Snakes and luring smile.

With weary, wan, and woeful mien,
  I sit me down to plan it;
And oh, I write an elegy. . . .
  T'would wring tears from rocks of granite.

I feel it in my being,
  My soul cries, "Write on, Write!"
It is dawn when I awaken;
  I have written through the night.

And altho' my verse with feeling,
  And with passion strong does swell,
Alas! Miss Fuhrman sternly chides—
  "Tis trash— 'tis doggerel!"

Elizabeth Goss

AN ADVENTURE IN MYSTERY

By Robert Henderson

"Very companionable, aren't you?", thus spoke Bill Fryer from the couch where he lay sprawled out in an attitude supposedly restful. "Shut that book and be sociable."

"Aw, make a noise like a clam," growled his room-mate from behind a yellow-backed volume entitled "The Return of Fu Manchu."

"Go jump in the lake," was Mr. Fryer's advice.

A momentary silence ensued before Billy piped up again, this time with intentional sarcasm, "I wish you wouldn't talk so much, you give me a headache."

The yellow-backed volume was lowered, the reader glowering at his facetious comrade. Said he, "Bill, your glad rags are out of use, aren't they?" (Bill had scorched his dress suit while endeavoring to save money by pressing it himself.) "Also you'd like to go to a dance on Saturday. Again, you're a bit low financially, and you want me to lend you the means for attending that dance in proper attire. Now, if I were you, I wouldn't make impertinent remarks, and I *would* put down that pillow. I fear that perhaps you have designs upon me, and it disturbs my peace."

Under protest, Billy complied with his friend's suggestion. A prolonged silence followed, until Billy could bear it no longer. Finally—"Percival, darling, y' know I—"

A spluttering, explosive sound burst from behind "Fu Manchu" and that volume suddenly came hurtling at the head of the offender, who dodged it neatly. Recovering his complacency, Percival Joseph Weston smiled sweetly upon his tormentor.

"William, beloved, your features are quite regular, but in order that you preserve your beauty, I might advise that you betake yourself beyond that door. In fact, if you don't go, and insist upon staying until I finish this book, I shall be tempted to test its hardness on your cranium."

He had recovered the book, and was holding it above the head of the unfortunate Billy, who was traveling toward the door. The temptation was too great, and Billy spoke. "But Percival, you didn't—"

Billy dodged the descending book with an expertness which bespoke experience in that line and continued, "Joe," (such was Mr. Weston's preferred name) "you didn't know that Lee is a *tong* man!"

The book stopped abruptly in the midst of its second descent. "What?" (incredulously).

"That's right." Billy, having saved himself from a knock on the head, had received an inspiration straight from the deities who watch over college boys. Joe, full of the mysteries of "Fu-Manchu," might be led to believe anything.

"Really!" continued Billy. "Every night that old one-eyed fellow

Kong goes in there. I went down the alley to see where he went, and say, about half a dozen Chinks go down to Lee's cellar. I know it's because they hold their meetings there. Once, as I peered in the window, I saw them gathered at the further end of the cellar, where they were sitting around a table dimly lighted by an old yellow lamp."

Joe sat down slowly, and after pausing a moment to let the idea penetrate his mind, he said "Bill, if that's really so, we ought to do something about it, because it may be a big society, and such an organization is a menace to any community."

Quivering with suppressed emotion, which, however, Joe did not notice, Billy assented. Nay, he suggested plans, talked over ways and means of carrying out their purpose, and advanced new theories.

Together they sat through the long afternoon, and at supper assembled a select group of their fellow students, to whom they imparted the details of the case, after each had been sworn to absolute secrecy. It was decided, by this august gathering, that Billy should make an investigation that very night, reporting to them immediately. It was carefully explained by each one that he would really like to go, but that the honor should be Billy's, as he knew more about the situation.

Contrary to the rules of the college, when Billy returned at midnight via the big tree outside his window, about half a dozen expectant youths were awaiting his arrival. Then, with every aspect of terror, the adventurer told his tale. "Old Kong and two others came again," he said, "and I hid, and watched them through the alley window. I could just see them moving around dimly like shadows, and once I got a glimpse of old One-Eye's yellow face, as they crouched around that dirty old lamp." (Billy, almost convincing himself of his own veracity, waxed oratorical, while his audience set wide-eyed on the edges of their chairs.) "They sat for a long time, until finally Lee got up and shuffled off into the dark, and when he returned I saw the reflection of the lamp on a great, glistening knife!" The last word, spoken emphatically, caused the listeners, with one accord, to start and look fearfully at each other. The narrator's face was all terror, his eyes, round and wide open, cast uneasy glances toward dim corners, his voice was lowered to a whisper, and with his natural story-telling ability, he produced a remarkable effect upon his audience. They made rapt listeners, drinking in every word, and what little was left to their imaginations, they constructed for themselves, a hundred-fold increased in evil and mystery.

At the end of the tale, the group seemed inclined to let the matter rest and adjourn "sine die," but this Billy refused to do. He revealed a most astounding plan to them. On the following night the group was to go, pry open the cellar-window, and permit one of their number to enter and hide in the dark recesses of the basement until the Chinamen had left the place. Then this person was to purloin what evidence he could secure, and make his escape.

Appalled with the daring of the plan, the group dissented, declining to "risk their skins" to do that!

Joe alone supported his friend; for, steeped in Oriental mysteries, he had shown himself most credulous; yet he begged in vain. At last Billy volunteered to go alone and to report to them even as he had done that night. To this the boys assented, as they were quite willing to hold the room against all attacks of Chinamen, hob-goblins, and other malevolent beings until his return.

Had these boys, the next morning, seen Billy, in the back room of Lee's laundry, hand to Lee all that was left of Billy's month's allowance, they might have been enlightened and have guessed—several things. They did not see him, however, and night again found them in conclave in Billy's room, and Billy himself in the corner drug store.

Sojourning in that establishment until the time for its closing, Billy then walked down the alley to the rear of Lee's laundry and after prying open the basement window with a chisel, took from beneath an overturned packing box several articles: one book of the ledger type, black, with red Chinese lettering on its front cover, one large "glittering knife," one small sharp knife, and several small yellow pieces of paper, each inscribed with mysterious characters.

Transporting these articles to his room, Billy told a tale wondrous to hear. It seemed that he had burglarized Lee's place, (you could see the marks of his chisel) and had barely escaped with his life. The next morning, accompanied by an officer of the law, and living in the seventh heaven of delight, Joe went to Lee's laundry. The intrepid Billy, suddenly stricken with a mysterious malady, remained in his room.

It must be admitted that Joe had enlarged somewhat upon the story when he secured aid of the policeman, and that the officer was young and very credulous; so, together they went to the den of evil. Arrived there, the policeman mustered a tremendous frown, and displayed the purloined articles. After a moment, comprehension dawned upon Lee, and scowling he shook his fist at Joe, "Ah, now me gettee you! You stealee blead knife! You stealee laundly book, you stealee laundly book an' lil knife for cuttee soap." Lee turned to the policeman, "You melican man you allee-light, him stealee blead knife, laundly book!"

Poor Joe was speechless as the Chinaman led him to the basement, and showed him the innocent uses of the fiendish articles which he had showed him as evidence. It was evident that someone had blundered and now Joe was beginning to suspect that perhaps it might be not all—blunder. Perhaps it involved a clever little piece of work. Neither Joe nor the policeman relished the prospect of the laughter of their respective companions, and so with much difficulty they persuaded the outraged Oriental to accept material recompense. Had Joe seen Lee's broad grin after their departure, his suspicious would have been greatly strengthened.

Meditatively Joe walked home, and pausing outside his door, he heard strange, choking, convulsive sounds within. Softly opening the door, he saw upon the couch a boy, helpless with mirth. "Oh," gasped this person, "you stealee blead knife'—uh-uh—' li'll knife for cuttee soap'—'laundly book' Oh, day of joy and gladness!—Oh, the expression on that poor lad's face! Lee's an actor if there ever was one!"

Joe coughed, and weak with laughter Billy turned, only to snatch up a pillow to suppress his mirth and roll backward off the couch as he recognized his room-mate. Then gravely Joe conducted his merry friend from the room, and returning, closed and locked the door. Steadily, without malice, he worked for the next half hour. Producing Billy's shoes from the closet, he practised the intricacies of knot-tying upon their laces. On Bill's side of the dresser was a bottle of mucilage, and how it spread over so many places in so short a time is a mystery.

Joe made a thorough but rather unartistic re-arrangement of his room-mate's possessions. Things were in places entirely unsuited and incongruous. Still thoughtful, Joe opened Billy's trunk, and with a slow, churning motion he moved his arm amongst the sundries therein. He stopped at last, and as he surveyed the ruin he had wrought, a sigh of contentment escaped him. Revenge is sweet.

He took a certain yellow-backed volume from the table, and descended to the basement. Thoughtfully and without emotion, he laid it upon the coals of the furnace. Then he left the house, and his revery seemed to pass from him as he made his way to the drug store. His adventure was ended, and realism, bringing a welcome sense of security, had come again.

SMILES

If you could brush away the pain,
  The sorrow, and the tears,
And let the joys alone remain,
  How glad would be the years!

If you could just forget the sighs
  Of weary nights and days,
And think of all the wealth that lies
  In happiness and praise,

Be happy as a child again,
  As free from thoughts of care;
Bring laughter to the hearts of men
  And sweet contentment rare,

Then daily to this sordid world
  Much cheer and peace you'd bring;
You'd ease the grief of many a heart,
  And Heaven itself would sing!

Ruth Hickerson

WHEN CUPID GOES A'MAYING

By Marvel Steven

For two weeks Jimmy Rensdale, a sophomore in the Windsor Park High School, had been away on a visit with friends, who lived out of town. During his absence the "Bumpum Club," consisting of fourteen select young gentlemen, decided to astonish the world in general by giving a play of the musical comedy type. Jimmy's absence from town, until the day of the performance, had made it impossible for him to take an active part. Although he could be only an usher and a "flunkie" for the amateur actors, he was just as enthusiastic as the star himself could possibly be. On the night of the performance he was at the theatre early, ushering the people to their places, rushing madly behind the scenes to see how everything was progressing, and lording it over the admiring younger boys in short, you would have thought him the general director of the play.

Now Jimmie was unacquainted with the names of the cast, and when, upon going to the dressing room, he encountered the leading man, who came in looking extremely harassed and nervous, he failed at first to recognize his special pal, Tony, under his make-up. Tony, in a pair of atrociously high-heeled pumps, was stepping awkwardly about as though he were walking on eggs. He wore a much beflowered, silk-brocaded jacket, starchy ruffled shirt, pale orchid silk stockings, and a very extraordinary pair of brocaded trousers, somewhat tight. Now it was not that Tony was inclined to be corpulent, not at all, but that the trousers were inclined to be scant.

"Jimmy," he said, with a woe-begone expression on his mournful countenance, "It's worse that hobbling around on stilts in these heckish old shoes, and I just know these darn pants will rip, if I budge! What'll I do? This old wig would fit the Statue of Liberty, and it keeps slipping down my neck, and this bloomin' mustache tickles my nose, and makes a fellow sneeze something fierce." With these gloomy reflections, he left the room, leaving Jimmy somewhat dazed by his voluble griefs.

Just at that moment Pat, who was to play the role of villain, entered, and Jimmy's mouth fell open in an enormous gasp of astonishment, which quickly turned into a spasm of laughter. "For the luvo' Mike, Pat what cha' been doing to yourself? Been in a fight?" He ended his question with an appreciative snicker, for Pat's eyes were as big as saucers, and very black. They seemed to be running in little rivers down his cheeks.

"Oh, Jimmy" he wailed, "I put some of Sis's eye-dope on my eyelashes to make 'em real black and villainous-looking, and the darn stuff ran all over. It's all in my eyes. I can't see a thing, and it's burning like the deuce!" With a generous handful of cold cream, and a rag, they quickly reduced the "dark orbs," to normal size, but Pat's eyes were still red and smarting.

At this moment the "leading lady" entered. She quite took Jimmy's breath away, for he had never seen anyone quite so adorable, he thought. She was small and dainty and wore a shimmering blue silk creation, all frilly

with lace, a wide hoop-skirt, and a white wig. The blue of her gown intensified the flush on her cheeks. ("How extremely clever of the club to get a real girl for the role," thought Jimmy, "Julian Eltinge himself could never have looked the part as this girl does!") A pair of sparkling blue eyes looked up coyly from beneath long, black lashes, and the arch, half-roguish glance completed the conquest of Jimmy's susceptible heart.

In spite of his manly sixteen years he blushed painfully, and after that first enrapturing glance, his eyes seemed glued to the floor and he could not find a word to say. He did not notice the gleam of mischief which came into her eyes, nor the wink which she threw at Tony, who just glanced in at the door. Jimmy was aware only that he seemed—at least to himself—to be all hands and feet, and that his heart was thumping like a trip-hammer. For a few minutes she chatted gaily with Tony and became more entrancing every minute. When she appeared on the stage she played with perfect self-possession. Jimmy watched her rapturously, and suddenly his Marjory seemed to be small and insignificant in comparison. What a raving beauty she was! And how she could act! She was like the spirit of mischief itself as she frolicked through the comedy, and the audience was in gales of laughter.

Presently she came from the stage and beckoning smilingly to Jimmy, who hovered near hoping for one word or glance from the adored one, she said: "I am not going on again for ten minutes. The air in there chokes me. I wonder where I could get something cold and refreshing—my throat is simply parched. Oh! How good it feels to be out in the fresh air!"

"There's a drug store just around the corner," stammered Jimmy. The touch of her arm and the delicate fragrance of powder and perfume thrilled Jimmy as he tenderly helped her over the crossing and the bumpy brick pavement. Each ate a banana split and Jimmy spent almost his whole month's allowance for a beautiful pink box of chocolates. But what did it matter when it was such a joy to be able to buy refreshment for those rose-petal lips? As they hurried back, for she must be on time, Jimmy walked on air.

When she returned to the stage she was greeted with a thunder of applause, and Jimmy's heart swelled with possessive pride. Jimmy watched her with fascinated, adoring eyes and when the unsuspecting Tony took her in his arms in the last scene to place a lover's kiss on her lips, poor Jimmy felt a horrible jealous twinge and wanted to wring his neck! With a lovely smile she turned to the audience and made a graceful little curtesy. When she arose, the white wig was in her hand, and there she stood—A Boy!

Amid the thundering applause Jimmy, dazed, speechless, utterly chagrined, turned to go home. His heart was filled with bitterness. Just to think that he, the all-wise Jimmy, had been fooled by that Robert Rendrick, that sissy-looking dumbell, and a senior *at that!* If *he* had been at home, that sissy would never have gotten into the "Bumpum." Darn funny the kind of fellows they were getting into the bunch lately anyhow! Better watch out or the "Bumpum" would lose its reputation. Well, if that guy Rendrick ever breathed a word, he'd lick the stuffin' outa' him! After all Marjory *was* "a little bit of all right, and some little peach."

A PIPE DREAM

By Evelyn Kerr

Ho! Hum! Division period! Well, the day was half over—would that lunch bell never ring? I sleepily watched the clock, with my cheek on my hand, and groaned inwardly as I thought how slowly the hand moved—and only five minutes of twelve! And then the door of that clock opened, and out popped a little man no larger than my thumb and scrambled down a sunbeam that led straight to my desk!

He gave a queer little bow when I gasped "Who are you?" and said, in a squeaky stage whisper, "I'm Hop-o'-my-thumb, you've read about me, I suppose," (here he paused to slap his chest). "I happened to be visiting my friend, the clock, and seeing that you were so terribly bored, I came to offer myself for your entertainment. Since you are a senior, I thought you might like to go back and visit some of the studies you have taken during your four years in Empehi. So here I am!"

While he was talking, the queer little fellow had bounced about from one end of my desk to the other, and now he pounced upon a button I had never noticed before and pressed it, disclosing a staircase leading downward underneath the portable! "Quick, quick!" he urged, "before Miss Petty looks up and sees you!" and together we hastened down the stairs as the desk reclosed behind us.

He scampered ahead of me at such a pace that I was quite out of breath trying to keep him in sight, as we hurried down the long dark passage; but finally we came out into a large subterranean chamber which had doors leading out of it as far as the eye could see. "There," said my strange companion, in his shrill, piping voice, "there are the studies you took while in high school and you may visit any one you like—take your choice!" Upon going closer, I perceived that, sure enough, every door was labelled with my various subjects, History, Latin, Algebra, English,—Mmmm! Which one should I enter? Ah! Mediaeval History—I remembered enjoying that and so I told Hop-o'-my-thumb I wished to visit that first.

"All right," said he, "I can't go in with you but I'll wait out here—don't be long!" And unlocking the door with a golden key, about twice as large as himself, he opened it and pushed me across the threshold.

What a queer sight met my eyes! Directly before me was a long narrow, cobble-stoned street, with quaint, rickety houses rising from the sides in such a way that the upper stories seemed to be leaning toward each other and nodding pleasantly over the heads of the people below. And such people! They were dressed in very quaint costumes and were carrying many baskets, pitchers etc., as they bartered in the market place. Looking through the opening at the farthest end of the street, I could see an ancient feudal

castle frowning down upon the little town from the heights of a bluff, not far away, and I could hear blasts of the hunting horn and the baying of hounds at frequent intervals, as the nobles armed themselves. I now remembered reading in my history about just such towns and, though I could not discover what country I was in, I thought I should know as soon as some one spoke to me. Therefore I walked leisurely down the street, dodging busy housewives, who were industriously sweeping their door sills on either side of me, and threading in and out of the picturesque throng. Since, however, no one noticed me I decided to address the next passerby. Stopping an old man who was hobbling along with a basket full of vegetables, I said, rather desperately, "Parlez vous francais? Sabe usted where I am?"

He stared at me a moment, blinking like an owl, and muttered, "A bird in the hand gathers no moss" and walked off, nodding his head wisely.

Well! What language could that be? By this time my curiosity was aroused and I determined to try again for I thought he was old and, perhaps, feeble minded. Eagerly, therefore, I repeated my question to a red-cheeked boy who came rushing headlong at me from out of one of the houses. We both sat down from the force of the collision and, when I spoke, he looked scared, opened his mouth like a fish and gasped "Fingers were made before forks, but I think it will snow yesterday!" and scampered off like a startled deer. Dear Me! Was everybody crazy in this queer place?

Suddenly everything grew still. I heard a clatter of horses' hoofs; the people scrambled madly for the doorway and a band of horsemen swept into the street and stopped, with a dismal howl, before me. The riders were all dressed in long, black priest-like robes and looked *very* ferocious. Then one of them, apparently the leader, reared his horse in front of me until I thought my last minute had come, glared down at me malevolently, and roared, "We're looking for heretics! You're a heretic! Your doom is sealed!" Horrors! The truth dawned upon me! I was in Spain and this, was the dread Inquisition — Oh! What should I do? But, just then some one threw a bag over my head, I was hurled onto a horse and the party dashed away.

When next I regained consciousness, I realized that I was being dragged into what I surmised to be the castle which I had seen from the street. Here I was thrust into a huge room, flanked on all sides with grim figures, robed in black. I was dragged before a great throne on a platform in the center of the room and left to face the monster seated upon the throne. My blood ran cold in my veins but I forced myself to look upon the features of this monster, glaring wickedly down at me as I cowered before him. Could I believe my eyes! It was—it WAS—Mr. Hamilton! Immediately I began to talk, as fast as I could, to Delphine—who was seated near me—but it was of no avail. The ogre discovered me and roared for silence, stalking up and down the platform, with his hands clasped behind his back. Suddenly he paused before me, rose upon his toes and, waving his forefinger under my nose, he

bellowed, "YOU are a heretic and must be punished! Stand up and recite the histories of France, England and Germany in the eighteenth century, or take the consequences!"

Oh dear! I couldn't remember the least bit about that, it was *so* long ago and, besides, if I *could* remember, I couldn't recite. For once in my life, I had lost my voice and was unable to utter a word except "I don't know," which I repeated quaveringly several times before Mr. Hamilton regained his breath sufficiently to shout "What! Then you are doomed—DOOMED! Here is your sentence—read!" He bent forward and thrust a roll of parchment into my hands. I hesitated for a moment, trembling, visions of burning at the stake, boiling in oil, and having my head chopped off, raced madly through my mind; then, at a spearman's urgent request, I opened it to find a single penciled mark, labeled "Road Map—to the door."

In my startled relief, I demonstrated that "a straight line is the shortest distance between two points" so thoroughly that I was out of the castle and speeding down the street to the door before any one had a chance to blink. I tumbled through it, panting, heard it clang behind me and turning, with vast relief, beheld Hop-o'-my-thumb seated upon a soap-box calmly smoking an enormous black cigar, with a bright orange band around it. "Well" he piped, "*You* don't look bored! Did you enioy your trip? No? Well, never mind, come on and let's visit some more," and he leaped down off the box to help me choose another room.

Thus I wandered up and down the chamber, passing through the different doors and enioying every minute. I had exciting experiences and many amusing ones. Upon entering Latin I stopped to watch a chess game in progress between Caesar, who had quite recovered from his tragic accident in the senate, and Cicero, who was so absorbed in the chess men that he did not deliver an oration, even when Anthony and Virgil passed by garbed in police uniforms and leading Cataline, heavily handcuffed, to the "hoose gow."

In English I saw Macbeth and Shylock but, because their hands were bloody, I did not speak to them. I walked on with Robin Hood and Rosalind and we came upon Prospero and Ariel, who had tired of living free and alone and had returned to his master. It became a merry party when we were ioined by Portia, Lucie Manette, Miranda, Lorna Doone, the Red Cross Knight, Childe Harold, Friday and his master Robinson Crusoe, and David Copperfield. Then Ariel, muttering some magic incantations, clapped his hands thrice and a table, loaded with delicious refreshments, appeared before us. We sat in a semi-circle about a large open glade and each of the story people contributed to my entertainment with song, or recitation, while Robin Hood and his merry men gave an imitation of Douglas Fairbanks and shot arrows with amazing skill into a target at the opposite end of the clearing. Still later, after the magic table had vanished and the filmy dancing sprites summoned by Ariel had become again invisible, it was with a reluctant sigh that I bade adieu to my beloved friends of literature.

When I visited Geometry, I was amused to perceive that the people were triangles, squares, circles, etc., which were ceaselessly forming themselves into geometric designs; and I was much frightened to see Miss Higgins come rushing toward me, brandishing a gleaming ax and shouting, "If two lines intersect, the vertical angles are equal!" I was shaking with terror at the thought that she wanted to chop me up into geometric figures, and I was on the point of bolting for the door when she came closer and I saw that it was not an ax at all that she was carrying, but an axiom, "Two things equal to the same thing are equal to each other," and she was merely trying to tell me to pause and chat awhile. We had a very pleasant visit and, when I left her, it was with the promise that I would return and help her pound triangles and circles into freshman square heads.

Rejoining Hop-o'-my-thumb, I was recounting to him my adventures, when my attention was drawn to the door of Ancient History. Saying good bye to him, I entered. Here I found myself in a dark and gloomy forest, through which I hurried rather timidly and came out on Mt. Olympus, where a crowd of gods were gathered in sport. A very thrilling marathon race was in progress and I was much interested in the discus throwing, jumping, and wrestling. Then Thor threw a few choice thunderbolts for my benefit and Zeus called Hermes to carry me down to witness a battle between the Spartans and the Persians.

When the battle was over, I thanked Hermes and journeyed on, visiting many famous cities and especially delighting in the beautiful Coliseum which was thronged with strangely dressed people. However, I did not stay there very long because some gladiators were thrown into the arena, with a dozen hungry tigers—it took away my appetite for luncheon. Lunch! Mercy, it was nearly time for the bell—I must hasten back! So I raced toward the door, stepping over houses now and then, in my haste and had almost reached it when a white-robed figure stepped out of the forest and confronted me, barring my way! I turned aside to escape him but another appeared, then another, and another, till I was completely surrounded. Dear me! The Druids! but Druids aren't supposed to appear except at midnight, in the month of June,—Horrors! it *was June*, and it suddenly *was* midnight and, worst of all, we were right under a whole grove of oak trees with mistletoe hanging from the boughs—I was to be sacrified to the mistletoe festival! Right there I said "Exit the prince" and toppled over on the moss.

When I next came to life, I found that I was lying, tied hand and foot, on an altar in a large sacrificial hall and a great number of priests and priestesses were forming in two lines, leading away from the altar. They were chanting gleefully and licking their lips and, (great shades of Confucius!) in their hands each one carried a cup of beaten gold, in which to catch *my* blood! I closed my eyes in terror. When I reopened them, I gazed hopelessly down the line of eager priests and priestesses and recognized them! Miss Brown, Miss Higgins, Mr. Thompson, Miss Fuhrman, Mr.

Libonati,—the entire Empehi faculty! My last hope was gone—they would be avenged at last! Then the high priestess solemnly approached and I gave a yelp of fright—it was Miss Petty! The saints preserve us! She joined in the chanting with the others and raised a thin, gleaming dagger high above her head. As the blade slowly descended, she chanted louder and louder, and I realized that she was saying, "Your excuse for tardiness on the nineteenth and absence of the twenty-fifth," in a venomous tone, over and over, over and over, over. . . .

The knife came lower and lower, it was within a foot of my heart! The chanting had swelled to an ear splitting din and I was straining madly at my bonds when suddenly there was a loud explosion near me. I heard a bell ringing some where in the distance and was thrown violently upward.

I passed several priests on the way up, and waved good-by to Hop-o'-my-thumb, who was blinking at me from the other side of the wall. Suddenly I stopped, wavered a minute, then began to fall rapidly and, finally, landed with a thud in my seat in Portable 2 to find every one hurrying for the lunch room. Miss Petty was still bending over me, but instead of a dagger, she had a ruler in her hand, with which she was banging emphatically on my desk and demanding, with an icy glare, "Your excuse for tardiness on the nineteenth and absence on the twenty-fifth!"

Well, anyway, she hadn't killed me—yet!

A BRIGHT GREEN FRESHIE

(With all apologies to Abou)

A bright green Freshie (May his tribe increase!)
Awoke one morn from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the sunshine in the room,
Making it cold, and dark with the dread of doom—
A teacher standing there! Oh! what a fate!
Exceeding guilt now made that Freshie quake,
And to the one with mighty pow'r he said—
"Didst say something?" The teacher shook her head,
And with a direful look, which toward the Freshie bore
Answered, "Go thou, who sleepest, out the door!"
"Dost mean *me*, now?" gasped the Freshie, "Yes, quite so,"
Replied the teacher. The Freshie said, "I go!"
And quickly rose, and from the room his way did wend,
Straight to the office, (May the Gods now him defend!)
Yea, the Freshie rose and vanished. The next day
He came again, and wore a frightened way,
And toward the teacher stole a reverent glance—
Another sleep? Ah, No! He took no chance!

Marion Murray

ON LETTING IT GROW

Soon some thirty members of the Senior class must make a momentous

By Florence Byerly

decision upon a subject which long ago replaced gossip in select feminine circles, namely: "Shall I let it grow or keep it short?" For the benefit of the ordinary male being, who can never understand the full import of the question, I shall (to quote our honored civics teacher) "argue pro and con."

First of all, bobbed hair *is* convenient—indeed, yes. One merely uses a comb and a brush vigorously on arising and then completes the coiffure by the addition of one "hump" hairpin. Result—ten minutes of hard labor avoided, and so ten more delightful, lazy minutes in bed in the morning. Then, too, think of the time saved on "gym" days! For how *could* one change from "gym duds" back to normal dress in two minutes, if one had long locks, arranged in a hair net which would be certain to tear?

Second, it is economical (certainly a big factor when one pays senior dues). No hair nets need be purchased and the lone hairpin may be borrowed from a friend. Furthermore, as no girl wants to spend a dollar to have seven-inch tresses shampooed, she washes her wise little bobbed head herself "in the privacy of her own boudoir" (to quote another member of our faculty).

Opposed to these twin virtues, convenience and economy, is the fact that the world has not, as yet, accepted shorn heads as conventional and dignified. The general public does not hesitate to voice its opinion on all occasions. For children such a style is highly favored; for the "jeune fille," it is looked upon with tolerant amusement as a passing fad; for the college girl, it is a bit undignified, though still permissible; but for anyone over twenty-five, it denotes violent Bolshevistic tendencies.

Therefore, because of a foolish prejudice against one's comfortable "bob," held by those who from lack of personal experience know nothing of the delightful comfort and freedom of bobbed heads, one feels it incumbent upon one to go through that ugly and annoying transition period when one can call one's crowning glory neither long nor short. Why should it be necessary to comform to the standards set by an unknown and unknowing "they"? Why should we of the bobbed locks be slaves to conventions at the cost or our personal comfort? Why, *why*, I ask you? Hence, I say—keep it bobbed—*don't* let it grow!

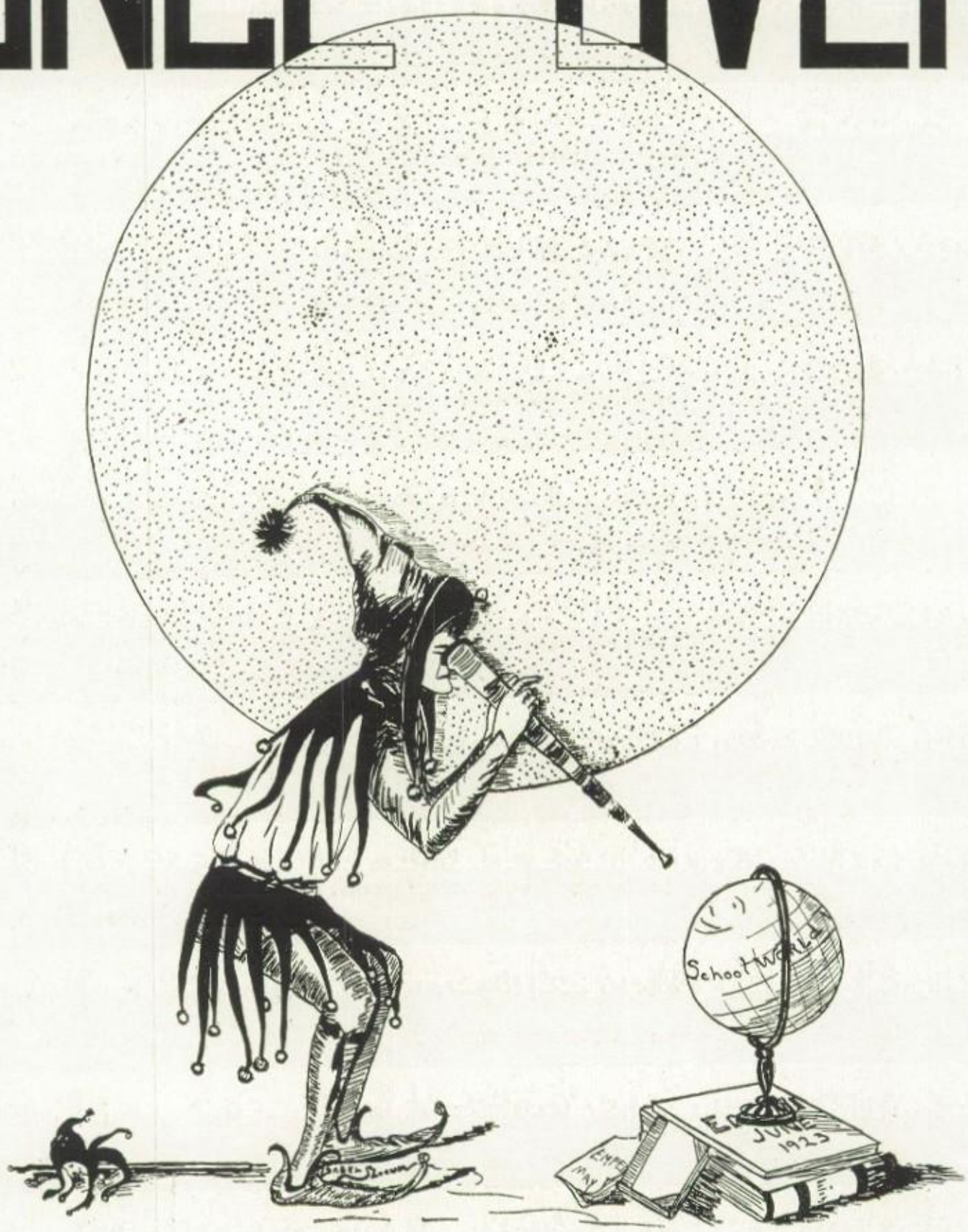
Parva Bopeep amisit her sheep
Et nescit where to find them
Leave 'em alone et venient home
Cum omnibus caudis behind them.

SPRING

Spring, winsome, piquant,
Has tripped, with her silver fancies,
Straight into my heart
And taken up her abode there.
Her sheer, colorful tatters, fluttering,
In the white breeze,
Stir in me golden dreams,
And fantasies made of
Dewdrops and gossamer with
The first sun glancing on them.
Her hair like soft, fine threads
Spun of purest gold, surrounding
Her elfin face
Like an aureole,
Creates in me a dim, mystic
Sense of the magic of things.
And her laugh, at once like
Sunbeams and moonbeams,
So warm, so tender,
And her dancing,
Shining feet, fill me with
Perfect joy.
Life is all dreams, and magic,
And joy,
When Spring arrives,
And slips into my heart.

—'23

ONCE - OVER



THE BALLOT BOX

This year a new set of questions was devised for the seniors with the idea of lending a little variety to the general scheme of things, and, perhaps, creating something of a stir during the dull part of the season. Both variety and stir resulted, but not altogether in the manner expected. The questionnaire had been issued scarcely half an hour when the Hon. Jeff Wayte assailed the editor in the hall with great agitation and vehemence, and violently denounced said questionnaire.

"It's so *unoriginal*," he wailed with his best debating-platform inflection, "How on earth am *I* going to know which girl has the best disposition? *I* never married any of them!" And so, gesticulating wildly, he was borne away in the flood of traffic. (Right here the editor wishes to disclaim all credit and responsibility that might be attached to her in the matter).

Later returns showed similar reactions. Where the questionnaire requested one's choice of qualifications for the ideal senior boy and girl, Willy Mac wrote the word "foolish" vertically across the page several times. In the same place Red Blew declared that the seniors were all so perfect, he couldn't choose; while Dave Gillespie, with characteristic frankness, voted himself as possessing all the attributes of an ideal senior boy, remarking that he was terribly bright, awfully athletic, and that his nose tho' flat was beautiful. This result, together with the fact that several people insisted on putting down their favorite colors, flowers, songs, and teachers, although these had not been asked for this year, goes to prove the contention that people as a whole are averse to radical changes. We also neglected this year to tabulate the pet phrases and consuming ambitions of our seniors for the reason that either there were none or they were not divulged. In rare cases where an ambition was mentioned, it was some very unworthy objective, such as "to have a good time," "to eat, sleep, and be merry," "to down Dave Gillespie in a wrestling match" (Bob Strong) of "to fill out the questionnaire intelligently" (Marion Morrison), and still worse, "to fall in love" (Ferne Mulligan).

In closing we ask you to overlook any apparent discrepancies in the counting of the votes, bearing in mind that a number of people either did not trust their judgment on certain subjects or refused to commit themselves.

Most Popular Girl—R. Roberts 29, S. Mechtersheimer 20, M. Brough 8, V. Sinclair 8.

Most Popular Boy—G. Hohmann 49, S. Sinclair 9, Shissler 7, Sanders 6.

Prettiest—M. Heineman 12, E. Kendig 9, R. Roberts 7, D. Yarrow 7 J. Price 7.

Handsomest—Shissler 50, L. Perkins 4, R. Blew 3, P. Clissold 3, R, Preston 3.

Brightest Girl—M. Brough, 35, E. Kendig 14.

Brightest Boy—R. Strong 37, Hohmann 8, M. Hallett 8, E. Wayte 7.

Athletic Girl—S. Mechtersheimer 64, E. Hamilton 5.

Athletic Boy—G. Hohmann 21, R. Gillespie 19, H. Burns 11, R. Sanders 9, D. Gillespie 5.
Best Disposition—M. Morrison 14, R. Hickerson 6, H. Laycock 6, S Mechtersheimer 5, A. Tredwell 5.
Best Disposition—R. Henderson 18, G. Hohmann 14, E. Shissler 9, J. Shimmin 6, R. Blew 5.
Funniest—F. Mulligan 28, S. Sinclair 15, Blew 9, D. Gillespie 5.
Cleverest—F. Byerly 28, M. Brough 11, A. Courtney 5, J. Price 3, M. Murray 3.
Most Verbose—D. Gillespie 49, V. Sinclair 7, E. Kerr 4, A. Courtney 3.
Talks Least in Division—H. Burns 11, A. Shaver 11, M. Hallett 10, V. Hoffacker 5, C. Wagner 5, G. Hodson 5.
Biggest Drag with Faculty—V. Sinclair 22, M. Murray 13, H. Laycock 10, S. Sinclair 6.
In Worst with Faculty—E. Kerr 26, R. Blew 17, R. McClure 3, E. Wayte 3, R. Stitt 3.
Best Kidder—R. Stitt 11, E. Goss 10, R. Blew 10, G. Hohmann 5, S. Sinclair 4.
Biggest Bluffer—R. Blew 24, D. Gillespie 13, E. Goss 9, S. Sinclair 5, W. McClellan 4.
Best Excuse-Maker—Sanders 19, E. Kerr 9, R. Blew 9, D. Gillespie 6, M. Backmyer.
Biggest Sponger—S. Sinclair 38, E. Kerr 8, G. Hohmann 3, M. Backmyer 2, G. Dujardin 2.
Most Lovesick—W. McClellan 36, R. Roberts 7, L. Perkins 7, D. Gillespie 3, E. Wayte 2.
Most Kittenish—A. Stuart 14, L. Crew 13, M. Pervier 8, L. Snow 5.
Sleepiest—W. Cook 29, R. Sanders 23, R. Blew 6, D. Bateman 4, A. Shaver 2.
Hungriest—Dujardin 31, S. Sinclair 3, D. Gillespie 3, Shaver 3, class en masse.
Biggest Giggler—R. Goller 45, F. Mulligan 6, H. Laycock 5, L. Crew 4, A. Stuart 4.

La Rouge Brilliante

Exquise! Charmante!

"Since trying La Rouge Brilliante I have never used any other."
—*Miss Genevieve Monsch.*

"Perfect for street and classroom. You cannot use too much, and I gladly recommend it to all my pupils."
—*Miss Cora E. Petty.*

For Sale Everywhere!
Send 10 Cents For A Free Sample
Now!!

For the purpose of aiding helpless, bewildered Freshmen in making out their programs, we have compiled the following list of the M. P. High faculty:

Name	Nickname	Favorite Pastime
William Schoch	The Boss	Running his thumbs under his coat-lapels and jollying us along at assemblies.
H. S. Arthur	Harriet	Rooting for the team.
L. E. Babcock	Boo	Taking bugs apart to see what makes them go.
E. Barry	Sunny	Smilingly writing admit-slips for us.
M. Brown	Brownie	Teaching us linguistic stunts.
W. B. Calkins	Hurry	Making us race with Father Time.
L. Condit	Lil	Playing tennis and the ukelele.
C. R. Davenport	Davy	Training the fellows to "Do your stuff."
E. Ellen Fuhrman	Yellyn	Helping us climb the English branch of the tree of knowledge.
J. Gahl	Jennie	Training the girls in the gentle art of Jiu-Jitsu.
L. L. Hall	Karbon Kid	Discovering M1 P2 H3 S4.
I. C. Hamilton	Ham	Indulging in flights of oratory.
M. E. Hays	Jinx	Sending us back for admit-slips.
A. Higgins	Ann	Fitting our square mental pegs into round mathematical holes.
E. B. Hotchkiss	Eddie	Making jewelry and posters.
R. A. Howe	Roxann	Directing the "Anvil Chorus" in the typewriting room.
E. Libonati	Elliodorable	Keeping the "Empehi" off the financial rocks.
G. G. Lorentz	The "Lieuie"	Drilling the boys into shape for dress-parade.

E. M. Mackin	Gene	Remodeling us into ideal citizens.
M. Malone	Little Shamrock	Teaching little freshmen to dot their i's and cross their t's.
B. A. Miller	Bam!	Recording our scholastic sins.
J. Milton	Milly	Entertaining us with cute little blackboard diagrams.
G. Monsch	Little Eva	Developing our biceps by gardening and by taking us on hikes.
I. Nicely	Nicey	Cuddling the wee, forlorn freshmen.
L. E. Olsen	Ole	"Apply yourself."
I. M. Peterson	Imp	Chair of English Surgery; teaching us to dissect sentences.
C. E. Petty	Catiline	Looking for war-paint on the girls.
R. M. Smart	Ruthie	Being nice to people.
J. C. Thompson	Kewpie	Picking out the sentimental songs.
M. Thompson	Tommy	Reconciling us to geometry.
A. Van Steenberg	Cookie	Ensnaring Cupid and looking up new recipes for hash.

Chew

Stretchit Chewing Gum

As Distinctive In Flavor As In Name

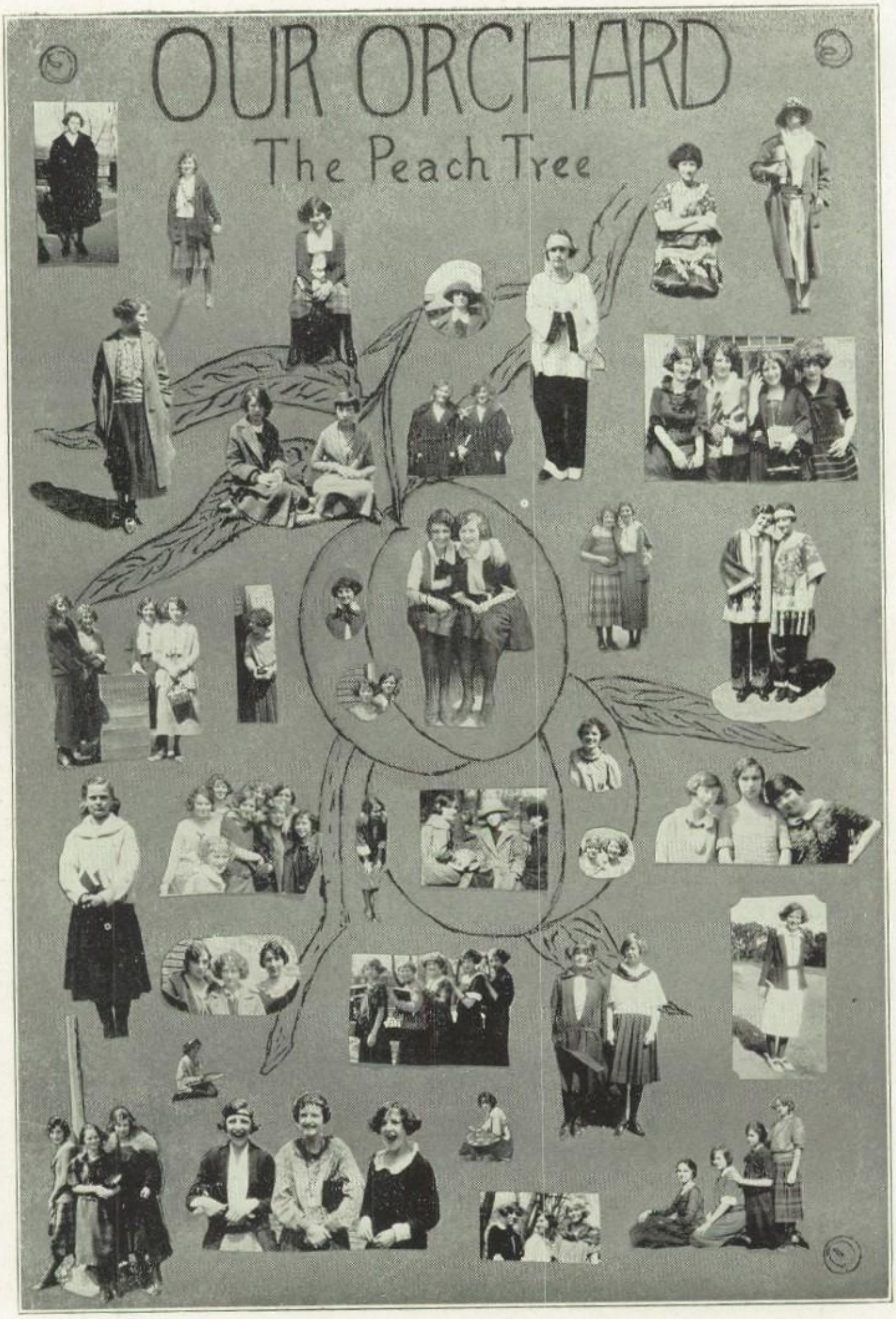
After years of exhaustive study, we have finally compounded a gum that is everlasting and guaranteed to hold its delicious flavor indefinitely.

It stimulates the imagination, exercises the facial muscles, and is altogether delightful. Manufactured by the world-famous expert.

—*Frank Turbett.*

OUR ORCHARD

The Pear Tree


OUR ORCHARD
The Peach Tree

SENIOR ALPHABET

A is for Alice who's head of the staff;
B is for Blew, who makes us all laugh;
C is for Crapser, a charming young lass;
D is for Dorothy, one twin of our class;
E is for Evie, who plays a cornet;
F is for Ferne whom we'll never forget;
G is for Gillespie, the great orator;
H is for Hallett, he gets "E's" or more;
I is for Ione, a friend we hold dear;
J is for Jessica, let's give her a cheer;
K is for Kerr, who's peppy, we'll say;
L is for Lange, who divinely can play;
M is for Murray, an author to be;
N is for Norma, most quiet is she;
O is for others whose names we can't write;
P is for Preston, who tackles just right;
Q is for Quantities of humor and wit;
R's for the Roberts—Strong, Gillespie, and Stitt;
S is for Sue, the first in all sports;
T is for Tredwell, who gets good reports;
U stand for unity, a thing we don't lack;
V for Virginia, who's a good friend to Mac;
W's for Wayte who wins friends every day;
X for excuses which seniors delay;
Y is for Yarrow whose friendship we prize;
Z for the zealous both studious and wise.

R. R.

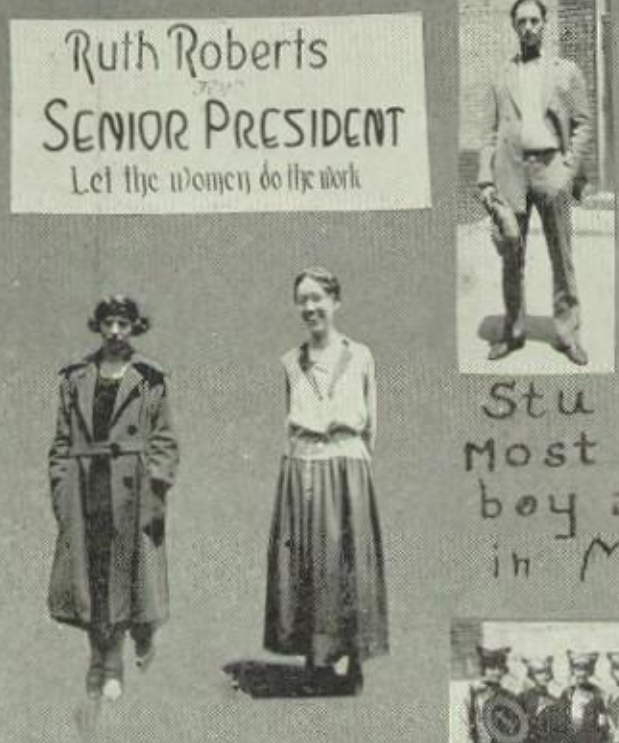
Our "Coles Phillips" Girl

Hair like Dorothy Yarrow
Eyes like Virginia Sinclair
Nose like Jean Russell
Mouth like Marion Heineman
Figure like Adele Binney
Laugh like Ruth Roberts
Disposition like Marion Morrison
Clothes like Jean Morningstar
Dance like Louise Crew
Bright like Miriam Brough
Athletic like Sue Mechtersheimer
"Line" like Elizabeth Goss

Our "Arrow Collar" Man

Hair like Paul Clissold
Eyes like Jeff Wayte
Nose like Evy Shissler
Mouth like Les Perkins
Figure like Rich Sanders
Laugh like Dave Gillespie
Disposition like Bob Henderson
Clothes like Bob Stitt
Dance like Stu Sinclair
Bright like Bob Strong
Athletic like Gil Hohman
"Line" like Red Blew.

THE PASSING SHOW 22-23



Hannibal

Stu Sue
Most popular
boy and girl
in M.P.H.S.

Way Back When

Listen Everybody! In our noble Assembly Hall you will find the best entertainment in the city. Our concerts are delightful and the number of artists at our command is illimitable. The following is one of our stupendous and engaging programs and you can see for yourself that I am George Washington—I cannot tell a lie, they are gorgeous!

PROGRAM

February 30th, 1930

Morgan Park High School

1. Address.... "The Joys of Ditching" ..... Harold Edwards
2. Asking for Excuses, Tardy Slips, etc. ..... Cora E. Petty
3. Prelude.... "Jewel Song" from Woolworth's ..... Orchestra
4. Dumbell Exercise ..... Students
   Accompanied by the band playing Mendelsohn's "Wedding March" or other late jazz.
5. Encore
6. Lunchroom Symphony ..... Students
7. Toe Dance..... J. C. Thompson and C. R. Davenport
8. Song from "Alley Chorus" ..... Hannibal
9. Speech ..... David Gillespie
10. Prayer and Benediction ..... Papa Schoch

A "Sheba" walked by the target range—
The cadets became entranced;
In fact she was so beautiful
The bullets even glanced.
He—"Light of my life, Mazda!"
She—"Love of my sole, Neolin!"

Birthstones!
Fresh.—Greenstone
Soph.—Grindstone
Junior—Blackstone
Senior—Tombstone

Handbook

Of American Idioms
Indispensable To Foreigners, Used Everywhere By English Teachers.

It is the most complete and up to date list of slang words and phrases extant.

E. Ellen Fuhrman.

Compiled by the well-known slang expert—

ATHLETICS

COACH DAVENPORT

Coach Davenport was graduated from Dunwoody Institute of Minneapolis, Minnesota, in 1917. During his career there, he played on the basket-ball team which won the Minnesota state championship and on the base-ball team which won not only the city championship but was also twice winner of the championship of both Minneapolis and Minnesota. Besides playing on the basket-ball and base-ball teams, he participated in foot-ball, hockey, and swimming. Soon after the outbreak of the Great War, he entered the Navy, where he served in the Aviation department. After the Armistice, he returned to Minneapolis to act as general coach of a large Athletic Club of that city. Under his able coaching, the club twice won the city championship in foot-ball and once in base-ball. From Minneapolis he came to Chicago in 1921 and to Morgan Park High in 1922.

During the past year, "Murphy" or "Davy" as he is affectionately known to the boys, has proved himself a man of sterling moral qualities and of high ideals. His unquestionable fairness, his uncompromising attitude whenever there is any question of right or wrong, and his absolute intolerance of anything but the cleanest sort of sportmanship, have won for him the respect and loyal support of the entire student body, while his genial, modest, winning personality has made for him hosts of friends.

COACH DAVENPORT ON ATHLETICS

When we look back over the closing school year to review the Athletics situation, we have just cause to feel proud that we are connected with Morgan Park High.

We have no championship shields in our halls, but, nevertheless, we have won something just as desirable. Wherever we have taken our teams, no matter what the sport may have been, we have earned the name of being true sportsmen. We have played the game with all our might, and we have played it clean. We have been as great in defeat as in victory. A championship is to be desired and striven for to the utmost of our ability, but the honors would be empty if we could not feel that we had won only on our merits.

The loyal support of the student body is another thing of which we are proud. No team can give its best unless it knows that the entire school is behind it—cheering it on, whether in victory or defeat. Only the boys on the team can realize the value of a loyal group of followers. They know what

a loyal, enthusiastic student body means for the "pep" and fighting spirit of a team.

In closing let me say again that these two things which we have gained are as desirable as the championship: first, the reputation of being good sportsmen, and, second, the loyal support of the student body. To survive we must have both.

Charles R. Davenport.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON—1922.

The team that represented the Morgan Park High School in football last fall included without doubt the highest type of players (as far as individual ability was concerned) of any team that has ever worn the green and white. We fully believe that the playing ability of individual members of the 1922 eleven would surpass that of the Cook County Champions of 1913 and 1914, and also that of the exceptional team of 1918.

When Coach Davenport and Captain Richard Sanders looked over the material on the first day of practice, they found it promising. There were twenty-four men out for the team, eight of whom had previously won letters in the sport.

When the league games were about to be played, Coach Davenport selected his line-up as follows:

Quarter-back, Turbett
Halves, Stitt and Sinclair
Full-back, Edwards
Ends, Heil and Hoffman
Tackles, Sanders and Hohman
Guards, Diamond and Preston
Center, David Gillespie.

As Robert Gillespie injured his knee in the Austin game, he was used only at end or full back until mid-season. He deserves praise for his catching of passes, punting, and line bucking.

Arthur Fremouw often changed off with Diamond or Preston, performing just as well as the regulars. "Spaghetti" is one of the scrappiest fighters we have ever known. He will be back next fall and should be one of the best all-around line men in the league. The only thing that kept Arthur out of the regular line-up was the injury his neck received during the Austin game which bothered him all season.

"Bussie" Heil proved himself a dependable man wherever Coach Davenport placed him. In the memorable Bowen game, when Turbett was out with injuries, "Bussie" was appointed to stand in the gap. Every one knows how he worried the Bowenites. Bussie's particular ability lay in charging under a big two-hundred pound tackle, and his combination with Hohman in opening holes in the opponents' line was the best we had.

"Ammie" Hoffman, who played on the other wing, was equally good as an end although he could not handle heavier men than himself as easily as Heil could. In mid-season Amador blossomed out as a half-back of no mean ability and was a great help in relieving some of the back-field regulars.

Lyman Walker changed off at end with either Heil or Hoffman and

Football Team

was an end whose work could not be considered mediocre. He was a savage tackler and good at receiving passes.

Captain Richard Sanders was one of the best tacklers in this part of the country since the days of Tapper or Augur. His particular forte lay in blocking punts and breaking up wide end runs. We cannot speak too highly of Sanders, for he is "all there."

Gilbert Hohman played the other tackle all season. Many critics placed his work above that of Sanders, but both were so evenly matched that it would be splitting hairs to pick the best. Although Hohman had his nose broken at the end of the season, even this did not slow him up.

Norval Diamond was chosen by the papers as All-Chicago Guard, but we feel that the honor might have fallen on Preston, Fremouw, Sanders, or Hohman,—not that Diamond is at all undeserving, but that the others are equally meritorious. Diamond was elected captain for 1923, and we know that he merits the trust of his team-mates; he fully deserves every honor that we can bestow upon him.

Richard Preston played right guard. If one should characterize Preston in a word, it would be "dependable." He was always on the job, and could always be counted on to hurl his weight where the opponent's line was weakest.

David Gillespie played center but changed off at guard or tackle once in a while and occasionally lumbered around as full-back. Dave competently filled the gap left in the line by graduation of Parsons, breaking up short pass plays behind the line of scrimmage or defense.

Frank Turbett played quarter-back. He is unusually fast on his feet, a clever carrier of the ball, a savage tackler, and an adept hurler of passes. Frank is a star indeed, but we hope that next year he will not disconcert the bleacherites by getting hurt so often. Of course, this is not his fault, but he is too valuable to get hurt at all.

Bob Stitt is a plucky half-back, on whom we could depend to plunge through an opponent's first line defense or to run the ends. He was also clever at receiving passes. Would you were with us next year, Bob!

"Stu" Sinclair played the other half. Stu's main forte was his left toe, which was always reliable for a drop kick anywhere inside the thirty-five-yard line. We are genuinely sorry to lose such a good back; we shall miss those brilliant end runs.

"Sugar" Edwards came out for football for the first time this year and was accredited All-Chicago Fullback. His record is enviable. Sugar could punt, buck and, above all, run the ends. His greatest ability lay in defensive lines, and we may safely say that Sugar had no defensive equal in the city. He will be with us next year and should tear opponents' lines to shreds. Here's to you, Sugar!

Stanley McCaw was a substitute back. He performed creditably when in the game and should play very well next year. "Mutt" Barnes, who

Basketball Team

weighs only about 125 pounds, proved himself one of the best first-year men out, his ability being quite above the average. Alfred Davies served as substitute guard but did not have much chance as there were too many other guards of greater experience in the field. He will be good for a regular position next year, homever. Malefyt's last year's training should make the critics sit up and take notice. "Al" and "Mutt" are about on a par and both deserve high praise.

We have played the game well, and have played it clean. We have the reputation of being the cleanest-playing school in the city of Chicago, a record of which we are justly proud. In closing, we wish to make special mention of the fellows who have played their last game for the school. They are as follows: Captain Richard Sanders, Gilbert Hohman, Richard Preston, John Heil, Robert Stitt, Stuart Sinclair, David Gillespie and Robert Gillespie. We also wish the best success to Coach Davenport and Captain -Elect Normal Diamond of the 1923 eleven.

BASKET-BALL

Morgan Park's lightweight basket ball team has had only a moderately successful season. Perhaps our mediocre showing was due chiefly to the fact that Everett Shissler, our star center, was prevented by physical disability from playing in all of the games. Philip Yarrow, a regular forward, was also injured in one of the games and was unable to play out the season. Philip Koenig proved to be Morgan Park's outstanding star, scoring almost half of the total number of points made by the team. Arthur Schampel was our star guard, steadying the team by his brilliant defensive work. He was ably supported by Robert Lundberg, playing his first year with the team.

The team lost the first game to Calumet with a score of 23 to 7, but made ample amends in the next game, defeating Parker, 18 to 3. Yarrow and Koenig starred, each scoring six points. This game was balm to our wounded pride and gave us sweet satisfaction for the grilling Parker had given us in football. The next game was lost to Fenger, with a score of 3 to 2, the record lowest-score game of the season. Bowen also defeated us in a second and hard-fought game.

For the second time Calumet outclassed us with an overwhelming score although our team never fought harder. Parker avenged herself by beating us 8 to 7. However, in the last two games of the season, we defeated Fenger and Bowen by comfortable margins.

The following players received their school letters, having played in at least half of the league games:

Everet Shissler, captain
Jack Shimmin, manager
Philip Koenig
Philip Yarrow
Robert Lundberg
James Rosborough
Robert Strong
Paul Clissold
Arthur Schampel

Baseball Team

BASEBALL

Coach Davenport issued his call for baseball candidates shortly before the close of the basketball season. Due to bad weather the outdoor practice was greatly delayed, allowing the team only a few days to get into condition for our practice games. This year we arranged for a number of pre-season games, including two of merit, Lake Forest and Culver. At Lake Forest, because of snow, we were unfortunate in having to stop the game in the third inning with the score tied. At Culver, although the pitching was good, we lost, due to poor fielding.

At the time of the writing of this article we have just finished our practice schedule, which, although Morgan Park lost the majority of the games, showed a good brand of baseball. Our team lines up as follows:

Burns, our captain, is a fine catcher and has, moreover, all the qualities of good leadership.

Edwards is our star pitcher, undoubtedly the best in the southern section and far above the average.

Sinclair, at first base, although new to his position, plays well and is becoming better in each game.

Schampel, with two years' experience, is a steady player at second base.

Koenig, who plays shortstop and is also one of our best hitters, is a sensational type of player.

Turbett plays third and, due to his speed, takes everything that comes his way.

Our outfield, consisting of Hohman, Hoffman, and Sanders, is with the exception of Hohman, new material. This trio is fast, aggressive and capable.

Stitt, Preston, and McClellan are the utility men, Stitt and Preston as outfielders and McClellan as infielder; all three are good players.

TENNIS

We started our tennis season with the largest entry list we have ever had. There were 56 entries in the boys' singles, 14 in the girls' singles, 24 in the boys' doubles, and 16 in the mixed doubles.

William Hauber was appointed tennis manager and drew up the season-schedule for the team A tournament with the Englewood High tennis team is set for May 16. At the time of writing, the Morgan Park team has not been selected for the event, but it will probably consist of Robert Gillespie, Robert Hickerson, John Morgan, and Philip Koenig. An inter-class tournament will be held after the regular tournament.

The rules adopted for the tournament are as follows:

1. A match will consist of three (3) sets.
2. The loss of one match will eliminate a player from the tournament.
3. The first round must be played by May 28 and the following rounds must each be played in one week.
4. Games may be played on any court.

Girls' Basketball Team

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

More interest had been displayed in girls' athletics this year than in any of the preceding years. Our interclass basket-ball teams were organized early in the season and after nine hard fought games, the Seniors became the "title holders" of the interclass championship. The Senior-Junior games in particular were very close and though for a time the Juniors threatened to carry off the honors, they were forced to content themselves with second place. The school team which was selected represents the best material of the interclass teams.

The line-up was as follows:

Guards	Forwards
Sue Mechtersheimer, Captain	Rosalie Kerr
Ethel Conrad	Dorothy Burnett
Helen Burnett	Evelyn Hamilton

Center ..... Ruth Heuman
Side Center ..... Virginia Sinclair

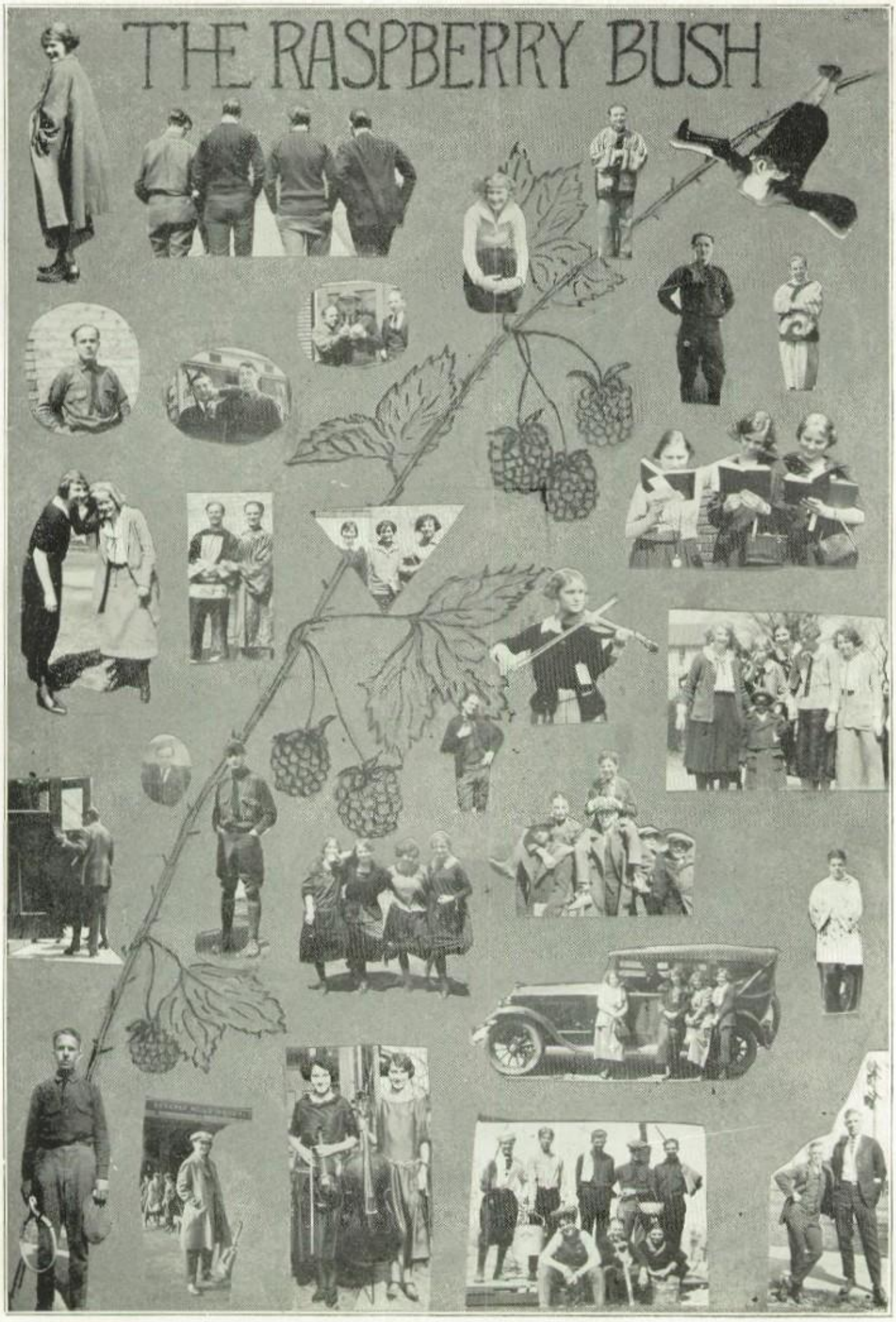
Our first game was played at Fenger. We expected a comparatively easy victory here, but we were doomed to disappointment. Likewise in the return game, played at Morgan Park, we met defeat. There was a marked improvement in the playing of this game, however, and if we could have had a few practice games like it, our team would have been invincible.

Our two games with Calumet were also unsuccessful. We knew we ought to beat them and we felt we could, but for some inexplicable reason we did not. At the end of the third quarter Morgan Park was in the lead, 10-12. This created a great deal of enthusiasm among the players as well as among th espectators, but we seemed to lose our hold in the last quarter. The second game was very close from start to finish. Calumet was urging her team to victory in the last quarter, but Morgan Park held them to a scoreless quarter.

The results of the inter-school games were as follows:

Fenger vs. Morgan Park at Fenger
19 2
Fenger vs. Morgan Park at Morgan Park
7 4
Calumet vs. Morgan Park at Calumet
20 16
Calumet vs. Morgan Park at Morgan Park
14 5

Although these results are not entirely satisfactory, we feel that this has been a successful season, partly because of the interest in evidence on the sidelines and particularly because of the quick passes and excellent team work which characterized our last few games. We hope that next year we shall be able to put out a team that will avenge our defeats. Here's your chance, Freshmen.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RIPPLES

COUSIN SALLY'S CORNER

The Annual Staff feels that it is to be congratulated on having obtained "Cousin Sally" for the "Ripples" department. "Cousin Sally" in a woman of superior intelligence, deeply sympathetic, with an extraordinary amount of common sense, and she has spent her best effort in answering the queries that have been sent to her. We are publishing them here for the general benefit as they contain information on a variety of subjects.

Answers to Queries

Dear Miss Sally:

Would you kindly tell me what the honorable Ray Cardy uses on his hair? It has a wonderful odor, looks very glossy, and makes a hit with the girls. I have tried everything from linseed oil to molasses.

Paul Clissold.

Dear Mr. Clissold:

Are you too, dear boy, striving to acquire one of those "patent leather" effects? I am indeed disappointed in you. This is an unworthy effort on your part, inasmuch as you have so many other means of winning the admiration of the ladies. However, complying with your request, I would say that to the best of my knowledge, Raymond uses mucilage on his hair. I have a friend who uses sugar and water, but this is dangerous during the fly season.

Cousin Sally

P. S. Perhaps you may remember the days when Bill McLean was with us, and the beautiful effect he obtained in this line. It was rumored that he used lard and lavender water.

Dear Cousin Sally:

How can I keep my gentlemen friends from dying on my doorstep? They persist in doing so in spite of my oft-repeated protests. Nearly every evening some one commits suicide on our front porch, and I assure you that it is very annoying to have to stumble over a dead body on your way to school in the morning. I feel very sorry for these poor creatures who are so badly smitten, and since I could not return their fevered admiration, I have tried to interest them in other girls, but it is all of no avail.

Dorothy Bateman

Dear Dorothy;

I suggest that you have a lagoon dug in your front lawn, and give your yard man orders to deposit the bodies in it before you come out in the morning, so that you may be spared any revolting contact.

But really, Dorothy, don't you think you are a bit cruel?

Sally

My dear Miss Sally;

Some of the members of the Debating Club have informed me that there are autos in heaven, and I do not know whether to take them seriously or not. Could you give me authoritative information in the subject?

Walter Mack

Dear Wallie;

Certainly there are autos in heaven! Haven't you heard the psalm:

"If I love him when I die,
He will take me home on high."

Cousin Sally

My dear Sally;

I am in love with a perfectly hideous looking fellow, while another wonderfully good-looking one is wild about me. The latter chap has "kale", however. Which woud you advise me to take?

Mary Backmyer

Dear Skipper;

It would be much better for you to take the one you love, for money does not always bring happiness. However, I should appreciate it very much if you would send the name and address of the other young fellow.

Sally

Dear Cousin Sally;

I have a girl, and she is almost as tall as I am now, but she is growing awfully fast. I do not like to go with girls who are taller than I am, so please tell me how I can outgrow her before she gets too far ahead of me.

Yours truly,

Benton Dubbs

Dear little Mr. Dubbs;

I am afraid you are just naturally inclined to be a "runt," in which case there is no remedy. You had better give your lady-love the "gate" and pin your faith on some one of your own size who has already attained her full growth. If you have any trouble in finding one, just call on me.

Sincerely yours,

Cousin Sally

Dear Sally;

On what day of the year do women talk the least?

Bib

Dear Bib;

On the shortest day.

Sally

Dearest Cousin Sally;

I have been confronted with a very difficult question in history, and although I have labored diligently both day and night in an effort to answer it, I have come to no conclusion. A friend urged me to come to you for assistance, and knowing how you have helped others in distress, I decided that this would be the best plan. The question is, "Why did Leander swim across the Hellespont?"

Hopefully,

Robert Strong

Dear Bobbie;

Your question is indeed perplexing. After going over it in my mind, and thoughtfully viewing it from every angle, I can conceive no satisfactory answer. I can only submit the opinion that Leander swam across the Hellespont to get to the other side.

Respectfully yours,

Sally

Dear Cousin Sally;

As you are considered very good in the solution of love-problems, I have come to you for a bit of advice. Does a brunette or a blonde have the more lovable disposition?

Jean Morningstar

Dear Jean;

Owing to the present popularity of hair dye, your question is difficult to answer. Mr. Richard Preston has a lovable disposition and is a blonde, who, I am sure, has not dyed his hair. On the other hand, there is Mr. Willy McClellan, a brunette, who has a very lovable disposition, although I am not so sure that he has not dyed his hair. But after all, my dear girl, looks are only skin deep. Look out for other qualities.

Sally

Dear Cousin Sally;

How on earth can I get Dave Gillespie to pay me more attention? He ignores me consistently, and oh! how I admire him! Why are other girls so successful?

Marian Murray

Dear Marian:

I'm sure I canot help you much, since Dave is so peculiar. Why not ask some of the girls who have been successful in attracting him? The Hodson girls, or Evelyn Kerr might help you.

Sympathetically,

Sally

August Sally;

Has Jeff Wayte a girl? If so, who is she? Is she tall or short, fat or thin, light or dark? Please find out from him, but don't tell him who wants to know.

X. X. X.

Dear X.

I'm afraid you have a mistaken conception of Jeff. His disposition is not so inclined, although I don't believe that he closes his eyes when a flapper passes him. Our editor has accurate information to the effect that Jeff is a charter member of the International Bachelors' Association, which ought to encourage you a great deal.

Sally.

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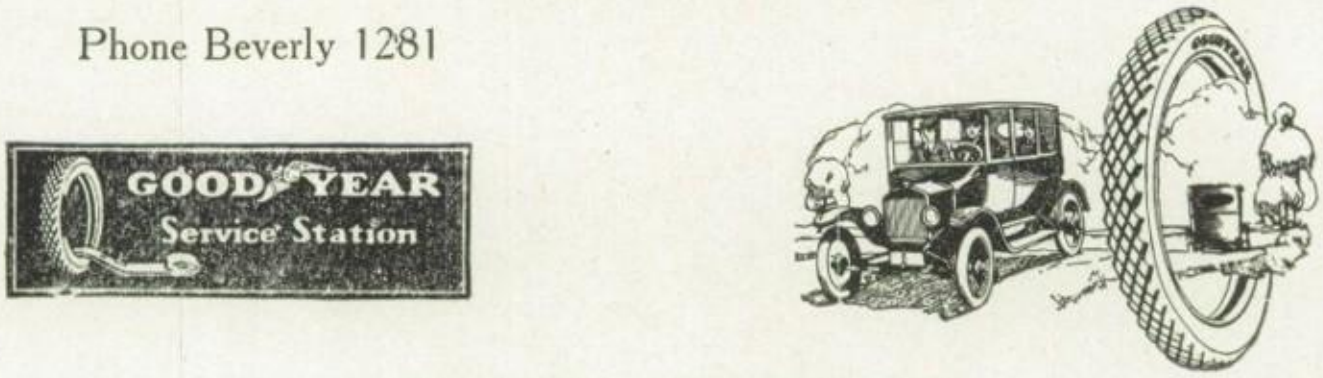

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